

THE
Force of Friendship.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at
The QUEEN's THEATRE in the
HAY-MARKET.

By Her MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

To which is Added,
A FARCE call'd
LOVE in a CHEST.

*His Amor unus erat-----
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.*

Virg.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

L O N D O N,

Printed for EGBERT SANGER at the Post-House at the Middle
Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1710.

Where may be had all sorts of New Books and Plays.

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His Honor's command
I cannot refuse to perform this comedy.

Aug.

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L O N D O N

Printed for ROBERT SANDER at the Rose-Tree in the Middle
Temple-Gate in Great-Britain 1730.
Where may be had all sorts of New Books and Plays.

TO
Her Grace the Dutcheſs
OF
SHREWSBURY.

MADAM,

P O E M S of this Sort as they ought
to be Representations of the most
exalted Worth and the most shi-
ning Images in Human Life, so they
seem to claim the Protection only of the
truly Great and Virtuous, where indeed can
expiring Tragedy hope for Countenance and
Patronage but from those few, very few ele-
gant Spirits who are pleas'd with the Distress
of

The DEDICATION.

of a well wrought Scene, who with the utmost Indulgence to their Reason, behold the Conduct of our Passions on the Stage, and with a generous Sympathy feel alternate Joy and Pain, when Virtue either conquers, or is contending with adverse Fate.

'Tis therefore, *Madam*, the Tragic Muse throws herself at your Grace's Feet and implores your Aid; Your Illustrious Name alone is sufficient to defend her from the Malice of her unthinking Adversaries; tho' she were Criminal what impious Hand wou'd dare to tear her from so illustrious, so noble a Sanctuary.

Honour, Love, Friendship, and Fidelity, the lasting Ornaments both of Your Person House, as they can receive no Addition from the Brightest, ought not to be pass'd in Silence by the humblest Pen. The Poet only copies from the greatest Examples of true Nobility his Persons in the *Dramma*; his Tribute then of Praise is but a natural Return.

Now

The DEDICATION.

Now the Muse has chosen Love and Friendship for her Theme, and shown 'em in the last Distress she was capable of Painting; but if we wou'd behold the most flourishing and living Examples in real Life of the strictest Amity and the most tender Affection, we must turn our Eyes on Your Grace and Your most Noble Lord.

That Affability in Your Deportment to the Lowest, which charms all who have the Honour to serve you, which is so essential to real Worth, and so sure a Token of true Nobility, embolden'd me, who at a Distance beheld the beautiful easie Ascent to offer up my humble Mite, and certainly nothing captivates the Heart in such a Manner, and as it were, runs away with our Obedience, as a generous Condescension from our Superiors, it falls like Heavenly Dew, for which nothing can be repaid but Thanks.

Poetry and Musick are Sister Arts; they always join in Confort, and are the most proper

The DEDICATION.

per Relief to the weary'd Mind ; they fire
the Soul to Virtue, or sooth it on to Peace
and Love with sweetest, softest Blandish-
ments, yet are they seldom found but with
the Brave and Fair; 'tis they alone whose
Souls are capable of Harmony, who form'd
of better Earth are sensible of Love and
Honour, the two great Fountains of Heroic
Virtue.

To You then, *Madam*, to You whose
Soul is all Harmonious-----the Muse de-
votes her Labours, accept 'em from the
lowliest of the Inspir'd Train, from him
whose utmost Ambition is to subscribe
himself

Your Grace's

Most Humble, Obedient,

And Devoted Servant,

Charles Johnson.

THE
PREFACE.

THE two wisest as well as the greatest Commonwealths, that ever were, Athens and Rome, condescended to make their Poets their Pensioners; and the publick Money paid for the publick Diversions; the Name of Poet was held sacred; while he taught nothing that contradicted the Constitution he liv'd under, or the Religion of his Country, and those knowing People found their Morals improv'd, their Manners polish'd, and their Judgment strengthen'd by the reasonable and noble Entertainment of the Theater; in the Declension of those two Empires Poetry too fell into Lycence and help'd to debauch and vitiate those Morals it had before improved; Tragedy degenerated into Farce and the Mimic Droll shoulder'd off the Buskin; if this can be any Proof of the Licentiousness of the Age we live in, it may be arg'd with some Force, when we see no Audience now can bear the Fatigue of two Hours good Sense tho' Shakspear or Oatway endeavour to keep 'em awake, without

The Preface.

out the promis'd Relief of the Stage-Coach, or some such solid Afterlude, a few Lines indeed are now and then forced down their Throats by the Help of this Gewgaw, 'tis tack'd to the Tragedy or rather the Tragedy to that, for 'tis the Money Bill; the Actors may design it as a Desert, but they generally find the Palates of their Guests so vitiated that they make a Meal of Whipt Cream, and neglect the more substantial Food which was design'd for their Nourishment; methinks those Gentlemen who have the Management of the Theatres shou'd agree to banish every thing that cou'd be thought the least below the Dignity of the Stage, but this I fear we can hardly hope to see while there are two Houses open—since as the General Taste now is, that which does not outmonster the other must starve; here are no publick Stipends for the Player or Poet, they must submit to the Taste of the Town, nay they are both oblig'd (while they are divided) servilely to emulate one another in that Submission, nor can we think of seeing any thing hereafter but Bombast and Farce in the Room of Nervous Sense and Sterling Wit; this Age has certainly been as productive of great and noble Spirits in Poetry as well as Arms, as any that ever went before it, yet we see how shy, how fearful they are of treading the Stage, how few dare to appear there, they are and well may be 'asham'd to roll with some Company they have seen there, the Actors too being by this Division of the Houses separated; that Company which before was able to furnish out Performers for the best Tragedy have now by this Division so weaken'd the Body that the Town seems to have lost the Relish of that most worthy Entertainment of the Reason, Roscius indeed is no more, and Tragedy mourns with real Tears his Loss; that mighty Genius (let me call him so) for to become so perfect an Actor, a Man must have almost all the Qualifications of the greatest Author; he must have the

The Preface.

the most Exalted Soul, the Deepest Judgment, and the most lively Fancy; and Nature too must be liberal in her outward Endowments, She must adorn him with a Graceful Person, and an easie Utterance; to all these Accomplishments the utmost Art and Industry must be join'd: Nature had indeed been very bountiful to Mr. Betterton, and yet Art and Labour had improv'd him wonderfully, and he confessed but very lately, He was yet learning to be an Actor. If then an Actor is not to be made like an Artificer, by Seven Years Apprenticeship, and hardly two good ones arise in an Age, we ought to keep those few that are so together; there is no other way to Banish Posture-Masters, Foreign Monsters, Tab Scenes, &c from the Theatre, to preserve the Reputation the Stage yet maintains with the most Learned and Polite, and to make it become, as it certainly may be, both Ornamental and Useful to the Government. If Poets are capable of teaching Morality, as if we believe Horace, they are,

*Quicquid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius & Melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.*

(a)

PRO

PROLOGUE

Design'd for Mr. Betterton, Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

Melpomene no more erects her Head,
Without her Comic Sister's chearful aid,
To Night th' Amphibious Author Laughs and Mourns,
And hopes you to will Sigh and Smile by turns:
Apollo thus, the Poets radiant God,
Now Shines, now Veils his Lustre in a Cloud.
He aims to follow moving OTWAY'S Muse,
But with unequal Steps the Glorious Bard pursues;
Yet if that Painter merits some success
Who strives from TITIAN or VANDYKE to please,
Our Author hopes his Pardon may be had,
A Copy from that Master faintly made,
Proves not his Judgment, but his Genius bad.
For OTWAY'S sake his Young Disciple spare,
Indulge the tender Plant with Friendly Care,
Give him but kindly Soil, and let him spread,
He'll live to pay you with a grateful Shade;
Guard him from Critic Winds, One Hissing blast
Blights and lays all his budding Verses waste.
But if no Prayers your rigid Censures move,
He flies for Refuge to the Court of Love;
Yes, to that brilliant Circle he appeals,
Where Heavenly Mercy with bright Beauty dwells:
When you approve, they dare not disobey;
The Victors here confess your Magic sway:
Each Hero tears the Laurel from his Brows,
And at his Charmers feet the bleeding Trophy throws:
The hardy Soldier feels new Pains arise,
Not from the Wounds of Swords — but pointed Eyes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. BICKNELL.

THese Tragic Writers do so fill their Plays
With Virtue, and what was in former Days;
The World is chang'd, and now the Lover throws
To each believing Fair his common Vows;
Troth 'twill be very hard, if civil Words
That fly in Gallantry, are made Records
Of Perjury; and punish'd thus with Swords:
How many pretty Fellows here wou'd Dye!
Dye for an Oath, a Sensless Perjury!

Ah! that unthinking Virgin much deceives
Her self, who in this Bankrupt Age believes;
She ought to know all Vows are Words of course,
Except that One, For Better and for Worse:
By this Advice no Fair one e'er Miscarry'd,
Or was forsaken; 'till she first was Marry'd.
'Tis a mistake Messieurs, for broken Vows,
The Lover is not punish'd, but the Spouse,
A Husband once, He doubly pays his Wife,
For all the Errors of a single Life.

[Is going off but Returns.

But hold, I promis'd Bays I'd something say,
To moderate your Censure of his Play:

Heroically { You Gentlemen Impannell'd in the Bar,
 { You Sovereign Judges both of Sense and Wit.

Hang it, this serious Speech I cannot bear,
I was not made for Tragedy I'll Swear:

Do as you Please, or Save, or Damn the Man;
For so ye will ——— let me say what I can.

Drama.

Dramatis Personæ.

Leonato, Father to *Aspatia*, Mr. *Bowman*.

Lothario, } Friends in Love with } Mr. *Wilks*.
Anselmo, } *Aspatia*. } Mr. *Mills*.

Sebastian, Brother to *Julia*, Mr. *Husband*.

Aspatia, in Love with *Lothario*, Mrs. *Rogers*.

Julia, in Love with *Anselmo*, Mrs. *Porter*.

Leucippe, Maid to *Aspatia*.

Attendants, &c.

SCENE VERONA.

T H E

Force of Friendship.

A C T I.

Enter Lothario and Anselmo at opposite Doors.

Ans. **D**ear Partner of my Cares, for that's a Name
 Proper to Friendship; may each Day like this,
 Each rising Sun, behold our Hearts united;
 Oh may we never wrong that sacred Tye,
 That Simpathy of Souls, may it endure,
 As that eternal Truth which first inspir'd it.

Loth. And when our weary Natures seek Repose,
 When surfieted with the same tedious Course,
 Our Spirits shake these grosser Burthens off.
 Then may our Souls take their glad Flight together
 To Empireal Joys and thinner Skies.

Ans. United thus, thus fortify'd *Lothario*,
 Our Lives as gentle Streams shall glide away,
 While undisturb'd by Cares, we will deceive,
 The most malignant Influence of our Stars.

Loth. Yet say *Anselmo*, tell me, did thy Heart,
 Never receive Impressions from the Fair?
 Howe'er thy solid Reason might shake off

B

The

The Force of Friendship.

The soft bewitching Temper, have thy Eyes
Like faithful Mirrors still Return'd the Beams
Shot from Enchanting Women? Have those Orbs,
Imbib'd the Light alone without the heat?
Oh my *Anselmo*! I Confess the weakness
I own that with unusual Warmth inspir'd,
My Eyes beheld with pleasing pain the Fair,
But Reason Conquer'd, the Unkindly Gleam
Just shot it's Fires, which warm'd alone and Fled.

Ansel. Too long I've trifled with that Tyrant Passion,
How often have I taught my untouch'd Heart
Imaginary Pain, Protested, Vow'd,
And Dy'd for every Charming Face I saw,
If the too Credulous Fair with pity mov'd,
Receiv'd her Votary; Oh my *Lothario*!
I own 'twas much a Fault,—She was undone
If with a wise Distrust she shun'd the Bait,
'Twas an Amusement for an Idle Hour,
But I am wounded, I have Caught my Friend
The Passion I derided—Oh I Love!
The Hypochrite is paid for his False Zeal,
And is become a Bigot from an Atheist.

Loth. You do but justly feel those Pains you gave,
That Laughing Deity which once you held,
The Child alone of Idleness, and Ease,
Has gloriously avow'd in you his Power.

Ansel. Yes he has taken ample Satisfaction
For broken Vows, and Counterfieted Sighs,
I Love *Lothario*, to that Mad degree,
That Absence which I now am forc'd t' endure,
Brings doubting Tortures, Misery, Dispair,

Loth. Who is the Mistress of these Conquering Charms
That fixt the wanderer, *Anselmo's* Heart;
A little Cruelty you may allow her,
It is a Justice which she owes her Sex.

Ansel.

The Force of Friendship

3

Ans. She is all soft her Nature knows no Rigor,
No Coy Affected Arts, no practis'd Glosses
The wiles her Sex are fond of and Admire,
Sully the Native Beauties of her Mind,
Her Duty only seems to Check her Passion,
Her Duty which forbids her to be mine,
For Oh *Lothario*! she is *Leonato's*,
He is the Father of this mighty Treasure.

Loth. That is Severe indeed Your Families
Too well his known have for some Ages vow'd
A Constant and Hereditary Hate.
Why would you Cherish this unlucky Passion?
Why give it Root and Norishment *Anselmo*?
Banish it still, let absence, or Employment
Arms or another loved *Idea* Drown it,
Forget her, be your self again and easie.

Ansel. Forget her, Ah the crouding Images
Chase one another in my troubled Thoughts,
Ten thousand Stratagems I Form and Break,
My very Dreams are buisily in Love.

Loth. Shou'd She consent with equal Transport joyn
Her Faith her Virgin Piety must bleed;
She comes all Sully'd to her Husbands Arms
Charg'd with Parental Curses on her Head.

Ans. Plague me not now with Reason 'tis all tasteless
'Tis Nonsense to a wretch in burning Pain
To talk of Stoic Wisdom; Aid me Sir

'Tis what I may Command in Friendship's Name
For I have laid the Scheme by thee to reach her.

Loth. I find you are a Lover, therefore Thought,
I might presume was grown a Stranger to you,
However let me know what Task I have
And you shall find no Danger can Deter
From Acting for my Honor, and my Friend,
What my *Anselmo* Reasonless can ask.

B 2

Ansel.

The Force of Friendship.

Ansel. You then shall Court her for me, you are lov'd
And valued by her Father *Leonato*,
I oft have heard you say with what Respect,
With more than common Courtesie he sees you,
Propose to Wed my Mistrefs; ask her of him,
Your Fortune, and your Family deserve her,
With Joy he will Recieve you, then my Friend
May double all my Blifs, talk to her, tell her
With what uncommon Purity I Worship:
At least you are so much my self, your Heart
By Sympathetic Fire will talk like mine.

Loth. Iv'e heard what you propose, were it alone.
As 'tis a Dangerous, an unpleasant Office;
Credit me, Friend, I would with Joy perform it.
Yet sure *Anselmo* must Consult my Honour,
It hardly can be fit I should Decieve
With false delusive Terms of a feign'd Courtship,
The generous *Leonato's* open Heart.

Ansel. Oh both the Families with grateful Joy
Will own the mutual Blessing; *Leonato*
When Time shall molifie his rigorous Hate,
He shall confess the Benefit like me,
He too shall own that Vertue must be great,
That Freindship must be sacred that can cure
By such uncommon Means an ancient Wound,
And seal in ever living Love the Blessing.

Loth. You shall not say you ask'd *Lothario* ought
And gave your Reasons for't and was refus'd,
I will attempt it; tho' I fear in vain.

Ansel. With Joy not to be told accept my Thanks
My bright Ambassadour to Love's fair Court,
You shall receive my Character, and bear
My best Credentials to the fair *Aspatia*.
My swelling Heart impatiently desires
To see once more the Goddess of my Soul,
Oh my *Lothario* when you once behold her,

You

You shall confesse her Beauty's magick Power,
And own she might have been thy Conqueror.

*Not Cytheræa when thro' Heaven she moves,
Inspiring young Desires, and tender Loves,
Inflames the youthful Gods with fiercer Joys,
Or darts more killing Pleasures from her Eyes.*

SCENE changes to *Leonato's House.*

Enter Aspatia and Julia.

Jul. Yes, Man, *Aspatia*, is a fickle Creature,
Inconstant as the Wind, by Passion sway'd,
He loaths this Hour, what last he coveted,
His Oaths, his Honour, his devoted Faith,
Are all the Pandars of unchast Desire.

Asp. Yet sure I've heard the Generous and Brave
Are only sensible of Love and Honour.

Jul. Oh! where two Hearts are equally inspir'd,
Where mutual Love fans their alternate Flame,
Where in harmonious Simpathy two Souls
By Miracle unite, by Virtue fix,
Virtue, the Basis of all solid Good,
Loves an immortal Blessing from above,
'Tis then an Antepast of Bliss eternal;
Society of Souls; and Nature here
Confesses, she can give no greater Joy.

Asp. You warm me, *Julia*, with this bright Idea,
The counterfieted God is all Desire,
This is Heroic Love, 'tis truly great.

Jul. Yet each Deceiver wears this charming Dress,
By this he does delude, by this betray,
The fond, believing, Lovesick Virgin's Heart;
— 'Tis needless to repeat by what Degrees,

How

How cautiously, with what well weigh'd Discretion,
 As I believ'd, I drew that Passion in,
 Which rob'd me of my Peace of Mind for ever,
 He was a Man form'd to deceive the Sex,
 Had every Grace makes Manly Beauty perfect,
 His Words commanded the still greedy Ear,
 As his too lovely Mien, and Shape the Eye,
 He knew with every Art to captivate,
 And lead the Sences willing Prisoners,
 But he was false, this Godlike Man was false,
 Sincerity was what he never knew,
 Yet, oh! he perfectly dissembled it.

Asp. Why, Cousin, wou'd you never tell the Name
 Of this great, perjur'd, elegant, bad Man.

Ful. Prepare the then to hear it, oh! prepare,
 Let it not shake thee, guard thy tender Heart
 For I have often seen him, lately too,
 Under thy Window, practising again
 With treacherous Arts, industrious to betray,

Asp. He never cou'd have triumph'd there my Friend,
 And yet with what incessant Prayers and Tears,
 Eternal Services and vow'd Submissions,
 Such as might plead just Merit, if sincere,
 Has he endeavour'd to inspire my Soul
 With mutual Love——

Ful. Ah with what Pleasure once I heard him sigh,
 When languishing and dying at my Feet,
 Too lavish of his perjur'd Breath, he vow'd,
 He shou'd with greater Pride expire my Slave,
 Then live sole Monarch of the Universe,
 Pity begot a kind of Tendernefs
 That so much Worth shou'd suffer by my Rigour,
 That Tendernefs warm'd into Friendships Name
 And Friendship quickly ripen'd into Love,
 Fond of the glorious Victim I receiv'd
 With Pride the new Adorer, till at last

The

The Deity became the Sacrifice,
Oh what a gallant Prize wou'd you have been,
The Hopes of your great Family destroy'd,
Its ancient Foe had triumph'd like a Victor,
His counterfeited Love had gain'd a Conquest,
His Sword with ill Success had oft essay'd.

Asp. Yes, thou hast open'd a new Scene of Cunning,
Brought to my unreflecting Memory ;
The Reason why his Toils with so much Art,
With so much Care were spread ; my Virgin Honour
The House of *Leonato* so must pay
The Vengeance of Hereditary Hate :
Say——tell me——how shall I revenge my Wrongs,
Thine and my Wrongs. Oh that he lov'd indeed,
That with ten Thousand burning Scorpions Stings
I might return the Wounds he gave with Interest.

Julia. The Traitor durst not this Affront have offer'd,
Had a Male Branch surviv'd ; old *Leonato*,
He thinks perhaps beneath his mighty Sword.

Asp. *Hymen* said he shall heal this ancient Wound,
We two the only Branch of either Root ;
Love shall inoculate, the differing Plants
By mutual Benefits shall flourish long
As mingling Streams we'll join, kindly unite,
In soft embracing Ringlets ever run.

Julia. Oh his mellifluous Tongue knows every Art,
Knows every Wile is practis'd in Deceit.

Asp. Methinks 'tis hard ; the Combat is unequal,
And Nature when she cloaths so false a Soul
With such a God-like Form, creates a Foe
Too strong for Virtue, naked, and unarm'd.

Julia. *Aspatia* no, firm Virtue conquers all ;
Let your Eyes meet him next with cold Disdain,
Let generous Indignation fire your Soul,
And animate your Virtue to the Combat,

*Virtue's its own ineffable Reward,
The Hero's Courage, and the Virgin's Guard.*

*When loosen'd Winds furrow proud Neptune's Main,
And ruffle to loud Storms his glassy Plain,
The steadfast Rocks alone, unshaken bear,
Conflicting Nature's Elemental War.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Leonato and Sebastian.

Leon. **H**ONOUR *Sebastian* is a Virtuous Pride,
It gilds too often with a gaudy Name
The Rancour of a swoln, ill temper'd Mind;
Show me a Wretch bending beneath the Load
Of dire Adversity, beset with Want,
Oblig'd from Hour to Hour, and Day to Day,
To eke out a poor Life with borrow'd Bread,
That treads no Earth, that breaths no Air his own,
And quenches Nature's Heat with the cold Flood,
Tho' sprung from God-like Race; tho' you derive
His Stem from *Hercules*, you'll find this Honour
Is flat, insipid, tasteless to his Sense.
As high sed Coursers, hot and full of Pride
We know no Reins, but in low Pasture, dull,
We jade, we feel the Whip and Spur in vain;
Such is our unattir'd Nature Sir,
And so far we assimilate to Beasts.

Seb. We are not then our selves, when the clog'd Soul
Oppress'd by Want, or shook with a Disease,
Bears heavily her toilsome Burthen, Flesh;
And Honour then may be an empty Sound,
The vitious Palate, not the Food is bad;
Yet when the Mind resumes its pristine Force,
Again 'tis sensible of Right and Wrong,
Again 'tis fir'd with gallant, high Idæa's.

C

I

I guess, my Lord, why you Philosophize,
 I find my Arm unactive in the Cause ;
 My Sword is feeble, and attempts in vain
 To right my injur'd Sister *Julia's* Wrong.

Leo. Mistake not Youth, I wou'd not tie your Sword,
 An idle Hatchment only to your Side :
 You have already fought this gay Deciever,
 Your Arm Victorious, blush'd with his best Blood ;
 Enough is given to Honour, and to *Julia*,
 And what was Justice then, is Malice now :
 Leave this Vow-breaker to the Gods for Vengeance,
 It is their Right alone, tho' Man usurps it.

Seb. With Pleasure all your Council I obey,
 Believe me, Sir, no filial Piety
 Can with more duteous Deference submit,
 For you have been doubly a Father to me,
 A Friend to my Misfortunes.

Leo. No more of that——
 Some Benefits are over-paid with Praise ;
 I like not the vain Ear that can be tickled
 With its own virtuous Acts ;
 The Repetition to a generous Heart,
 Is tedious and uneasy.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, *Lothario* begs Admittance to you.

Leon. This Man, *Sebastian*, you must call your Friend
 Of Modern *Italy*, yet constant, brave,
 Such as our Ancestors old *Rome* records ;
 When not enervated with Luxury
 And lawless Ease, she triumph'd o'er the World :
 This Morn he ask'd me as the dearest Pledge
 Of my Esteem, my Daughter, my *Aspatia*,
 I could not wish my Child a nobler Match,
 And if her tender Passions meet my Wishes ;

The Force of Friendship.

11

I shall be then deliver'd of a Load,
A mighty Load of Care, a Woman's Honour. !

Seb. My Lord, *Lothario*, or I'm much deceiv'd,
Is in sworn Bonds *Anselmo's* dearest Friend,
'Tis an Objection bears some Force to say,
Such an Alliance may be inauspicious,
And widen yet the Wound which bleeds too fresh.

Leo. No my *Sebastian*, this Collateral Bond
Shall be the Cement to unite us all ;
Love shall the kindly healing Balfome prove,
To cure this strange Hereditary Hate,
That rages against Nature, Reason, Law.

Sebast. My Lord, I take my Leave; may ev'ry Blessing
O'ertake your own most forward happy Wishes.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. Impatient any longer to sustain
The Sallies of a Passion nobly born :
First let me kneel, and pay my Duty here ;
Excuse my Lord the Transport of a Joy,
That breaks upon my Soul, from the near Hope
Of being call'd your Son. Ah wou'd *Aspatia*
Behold with equal Favour her Adorer ;
But I'm unpractis'd in those softer Arts,
That win the Fair, and too too oft deceive,
I can no Merit plead but your Command ;
The Parent may succeed, but not the Lover.

Leon. Oh wou'd my Child *Aspatia's* Soul take Fire,
As every Word, young Man, inflames my Heart ;
Thy Father's Image, great *Lothario's* Soul,
My Godlike Friend seems all reviv'd in thee ;
I love thee Boy, I cannot tell thee more,
And less I must not ; nor will I longer stay thee
From what thy Soul impatiently desires. [Exeunt.

C 2

Scene

S C E N E changes

Enter Aspatia and Leucippe.

Asp. He comes, *Leucippe*, now *Lothario* comes,
 To plead the Cause of Love, and steal my Freedom,
 Farewel ye pleasing Hours of Joy serene,
 Harmonious ever tuneful Virgin Days,
 The Marriage Storm is near, and Man rough Man,
 Disturbs the peaceful Calm. *[Exit Leucippe.]*

Enter Lothario.

Loth. I bring, bright Maid, the tender of a Heart,
 Pure, chaste, and lasting as fair *Vesta's* Flame,
 And if Desert might speak, but what Desert
 Can Man to Heaven, and Heaven-born Beauty plead,
 ——— *Anselmo*, Madam——You have heard him sigh,
 Yes seen him often prostrate at your Feet,
 And I but weakly can discharge my Trust,
 Can give you but faint Images of him,
 His Eyes alone are able to perswade,
 And tell the gnawing Fire, that burns within,
 But his own Words will do him ampler Justice. *[Gives a Letter.]*

Asp. This is uncommon Galantry, to woo
 By Proxy, court me by Ambassadour;
 Yet your Credentials prove you much in Trust.

Loth. A weighty Trust indeed, for ah! what Heart,
 Unmov'd, unwarm'd, can stand the beauteous Shock,
 He must be more than Mortal who can guard,
 Gainst your victorious Charms, the Theme thus warms me
 To think how poor *Anselmo* sighs thy Absence,
 See, says the Youth where on a Bed of Flowers,

The

The fair *Aspatia* lies, like *Paphos* Queen,
Ten Thousand little Cupids fly around
In circling Jollity, the Feather'd Loves
Drink rich Nectarious Cordials from her Eyes,
And when she breaths, soft gentle Zephyrs wait,
To suck the Spicy Odors as they fall.

Asp. *Anselmo* chose a graceful Orator,
Yet while you paint *Anselmo's* Flame so warmly,
While you describe a Passion not your own,
While your bold Pencil with dissembled Fires
Deceives the distant Sight; I sigh to think
A Time may come, when this gay Flow'ry Prospect,
Of Vales and Rivers, Meads and Rural Seats,
Drawn closer to the Eye, must all appear,
The Pencil's Creatures only, Paint and Oil;
Varnish of empty Words,—and gilded Air.

Loth. Your Beauty must create an Orator,
Which while it warms the Heart inspires the Tongue,
The Syllables must elegantly flow,
In decent Order, Advocates of Love;
Who can dissemble, who can counterfiet,
The tender Breathings of a Lover's Mind,
Thus if *Anselmo* writes, or talks, or thinks,
Aspatia still creates the charming Theme,
The Trees all speak his Passion, while that Word
Appears in Cyphers on the wounded Bark,
The Groves repeat it, and the mimick Nymph
Is weary with resounding his *Aspatia*,
Say shall there be a Time—Or has he leave
To hope, you will indulge him with a Smile?

Asp. Lovers Cameleon like are fed on Air,
And Hopes the Food of Love, that general Good
I neither can deny, nor grant *Anselmo*,
But oh! *Lothario* like a pointed Sword,
My Father's Curse now pendent o'er my Head,
Deters me from indulging his least Wish.

Yet

Yet tell him I approve his Conduct, thus
To treat by Proxy; tell him your Admittance
Was easie, and your Presence grateful here.

Asid. { Hah, whether am I going, every Word,
Each piercing Look, darts thro' and thro' my Soul.

Loth. I fly, fair lovely Maid, to your *Anselmo*,
And pour the Balsam in his bleeding Wound,
Thrice happy Maid, who only can deserve
What only you can give, that Heav'n of Beauty.

Asp. Beauty corrupts like Summer Fruit *Lothario*,
Virtue alone with everlasting Lustre,
As a fine Diamond shines tho' courtly set,
The warmest Bigot at bright Beauty's Shrine,
Turns Atheist as the blooming Flower decays.

Loth. { Gods how she fires my Soul, my Traitor Tongue
Wou'd utter what my Heart ought not to think.

Aside. { A Leaden Damp hangs like a Cloud upon me,
As if I mourn'd my too successful Friend.

Asp. Thus Nature curious in the Body's Form,

Too oft neglects the Texture of the Mind,
While the fine breathing Picture strikes the Eye,
The thoughtless Image but confirms the Ear,
The thing was made for Ornament not Use.

Loth. But when they meet, where Beauty blending joins
With Virtue, who can bear the dazzling Light?
Vice blushes struck with awful Reverence,
And Virtue shines aided with double Beams,
And borrow'd Blaze from her *Aspatia*'s Eyes;

Yet let me pay my Duty to *Anselmo*,
Tell him the glorious Conquest I have made,
And ease with the glad News his beating Heart. [Exit.

Asp.

Asp. alone] The Conquest thou hast gain'd is all thy own,
 Ah, wherefore dost thou sue for false *Anselmo*,
 My little panting Heart proclaims *Lothario*,
 And all my Rebel Senses aid the Choice,
 Yes let him reign: But Honour, rigid Honour,
 Throws in a fatal Bar, and cuts the Prospect,
 Tho' he should love like me, tho' all his Passion
 Well painted as it is, his speaking Eyes,
 And melting Eloquence, were real all,
 Yet he's *Anselmo's* Friend, their blended Souls
 By a long Intercourse of mutual Benefits,
 Are bound with Ligaments too sinuous,
 For Love or weak *Aspatia* to dissolve,
 Oh! Love thou cruel Tyrant of the Soul,
 Direct thy Captive thro' this winding Maze. [Exit.

SCENE changes.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. No were she fairer than her Mother *Venus*,
 As sure she bears the brightest Mortal Form,
 Yet my firm Soul shou'd stand the beauteous War,
 Without one Traitor Thought, tho' my Heart bleeds,
 Virtue shall conquer all, yet why *Anselmo*
 Why didst thou give me this uncommon Tryal,
Aspatia's Charms might well disarm and fire,
 The coldest Virtue, make a Stoic burn,
 I feel, I feel her here, conflicting Beauty
 Strugles within for Universal Empire.

Enter Anselmo.

Ans. Welcome thou worthy Messenger of Love,
 What says the Fair, repeat her very Words,
 That

That I may take my Hopes and my Dispair
From my own jealous Censure, thou art kind,
And wilt incline to heighten or indulge
My Lovesick Wishes; speak m'attentive Ear,
Will as you breath 'em catch the flying Sounds.

Loth. She bids you hope, that general Food of Love
She neither can deny, nor grant *Anselmo*,
Tho' like a pointed Sword her Father's Curse
Is pendent o'er her Head, she much approves
Your Conduct in this Case to treat by Proxy.

Ans. She gives me Hope, Hope is the Beggar's Comfort,
The Food of Gally Slaves, deceitful View,
That spins out Misery, and binds to Life
Ev'n the most Wretched; no, 'tis all a Cheat,
My Love's too Masculine to feed on Air.
What my *Aspatia* then, must a lean Hope
Be the Reward of all my faithful Hours.

Loth. Ah blame not fair *Aspatia*, sure she Loves,
I read her Eyes, which spoke in kinder Terms,
Than what her Virgin Modesty cou'd utter:
Joy sat triumphant in those living Lights,
And both were Advocates with me for you.

Ans. Let me then hope, you must excuse my Fears,
Tumultuous Passion shakes the Lover's Breast;
He forms his Frights as Children in the Dark,
Ten Thousand wild Illusions break his Rest;
But tell me Sir, is she not worth his Care.

Loth. Is she not forming Nature's lovely Pride,
Sweet as the vernal Breeze, chaste as the Flood,
And when she speaks th' Angelic Charmer Strikes,
The ravish'd Sences with such various Harmony,
Our Eyes, our greedy Ears devour the Banquet;
Thus every Sense is Captive made to Love.

Ans. You must repeat this Visit, my *Lothario*,
Then urge the present Opportunity,
Propose our Marriage, fix the happy Hour.

Loth.

Loth. I wish some other Means——

Ans. No more, your Word's recorded ; 'tis a Trust ;
This is a Trial for a perfect Friend.

*Friendship is greatly prov'd by adverse Fate,
When it endures hard Fortune's ordeal Heat.*

*In fierce Vulcano's Chymists thus explore,
And purge from drossy Particles their Oar ;
The yellow God, tho' ripen'd by the Sun,
Proves his Divinity in Fire alone.*

The End of the Second Act.

D

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aspatia and Julia.

Julia. **W**herefore these downcast Eyes, these frequent
Sighs,

Now thy pale Cheeks confess thy conscious Flame,
And now the flushing Blood o'erspreads thy Face,
So rising *Phæbus* gilds with dawning Light
The Lillies of the Vale——

Thy Tell-tale Eyes, the rising Breath that swells
Those snowy Orbs, these Tears of pearly Dew,
That Drop by Drop, steal from thy languid Eyes,
Silently speak the Passion of thy Soul——

Asp. If ardent Virtue, if a Form Divine,
If Eloquence can move, if Love has Force
To conquer Reason, Education, Law,
Why shou'd I blush to own *Lothario's* Charms :
Yes, let me ease my labouring Lovesick Mind,
Confess my Passion, and implore thy Aid ;
'Tis for *Lothario* that I Sigh, I Weep,
That Godlike Youth is all my Wish, my Care,
The Business of my Life. Ah *Julia* help,
Advise, compassionate thy Lovesick Friend.

Julia. Thrice happy Maid, the tender God of Love
Propitious to thy Wishes helps the Flame ;
Hymen Attends to crown the circling Joy,
And *Leonato* gives a Blessing Hand.

Asp. He never can be mine: No, *Julia*, no,
Friendship forbids the Banes, that sacred Word
Has broke our distant Hope, and dash'd the Joy ;

With

With painted Flames I burn.

Jul. *Lothario* then is but *Anselmo's* Proxy,
And while he blinds your Father with a Tale,
Of honourable Love, to you he speaks
In his Friends Name, Loves Powerful Advocate.

Asp. This Morn he spoke his Friend in Terms Divine,
Yet then his loaden Heart and his full Eyes
Declar'd the mighty Weight that press'd his Soul:
At Noon again he paid his Solemn Vows,
For his *Anselmo*, faithful to his Trust.
But then as Fire confin'd or Floods restrain'd
His Passion knew no Bounds: Prostrate he Fell,
And dying at my Feet reveal'd his Flame,
I Gently rais'd him, pleas'd to find him mine;
And ah my *Julia* Own'd (as from my Eyes
He might have learnt before) a Mutual Ardor,
And yet tho' Love awaits with Purple Wings
To Fan the Gentle heat himself has rais'd
Friendship; cold Honour with superior Energy
Damps our alternate Joy, kind, cruel, Boy,
Bright *Cytherea's* Son, or cure *Anselmo*,
Or heal the poor, despairing, lost *Aspatia*.

Jul. Restless fatigu'd with Pain, you banish Thought,
And exile Reason shuns your dangerous Passion,
So wounded by the Hunters flying Steel,
The panting Stag ranges the Woods, the Fields,
Then seeks the Flood, the fatal Arrow fix'd
Grows to his Wound, his groaning Bosom heaves,
He sighs, he weeps, languishing Life away,
—Reason alone, Reason's unerring Force
Must cure a Hurt like this, maturely weigh,
Cooly reflect, when Passion bates, and Thought
Alternately resumes her ruff'd Seat.

Asp. So Winds and Show'rs encrease the growing Flame
So Feaverish Heats augment by cooling Draughts,
Go talk to the poor Lunatic of Thought,

Bid him recall his Reason to his Aid ;
 Ah thou fond Girl, know'st thou the Power of Love,
 Cou'd thy soft tender Heart perceive his Fires,
 Receive the tender God, and stand confess'd,
 His lowliest Slave, and canst thou speak of Thought,
 Reflection, Reason, solemn Mockery
 Of Priests and Pedants, no the sprightly Boy
 Disdains all Limit, knows no Rule or Reign
 Boundless as Thought, as Elemental Fire.

Jul. Even thus we catch Diseases at the Eyes,
 And look away our downy Peace and Reason,
 This Morn *Aspatia* cou'd with Pleasure hear,
 Of Falshood, broken Vows, and perjur'd Men,
 And pleas'd to think her happy Heart was free,
 Unhurt, despis'd his feeble Godships Bow
 And mock'd his Darts ; but see *Lothario* comes,
 Farewel, may he be false, to false *Anselmo*,
 And of a perjur'd Freind, ye mighty Gods
 Make him a faithful Lover. [Exit *Jul.*

Enter Lothario to Aspatia.

Loth. I come fair lovely Maid to intercede,
 Thus on my Knees to ask, to beg a Boon,
 Which granted strikes to the cold Earth a Wretch,
 Yes the most wretched of his Race *Lothario*;
 And if refus'd, brands me with Traitor, Slave,
 Writes Villain in my Heart, and perjur'd Friend
 In sanguine Characters upon my Brow.

Asp. If then I neither must refuse, nor grant,
 Let me be silent rather than offend,
 Yet if it be no Crime, you may disclose
 The dreadful Secret, tho' my Breast be full,
 Brimful of Care, to ease your loaden Heart,

I'll

I'll take my equal Share of Friendly Grief.

Loth. To ask you for *Anselmo*, for my Friend,
He sighs, he pants, he bleeds for his *Aspatia* ;
The faithful Youth, constant as dying Martyrs,
And firm as Saints to Virtue, is his Flame :
By me he begs that you wou'd crown his Hopes,
And let the sacred Priest for ever join you ;
Join both your Hands in Hymeneal Bonds,
Long—long may Love and balmy Peace infold you,
Incircling Life in never dying Joys ;
While I, whose Heart adores you with a Fire
As pure, as lasting, and as bright as his,
For ever doom'd to Earth, and cold Despair,
Hopeless and wretched languish Life away,
And never from that fatal Wedding more,
Uplift my Eyes to Heav'n, or to *Aspatia*.

Asp. If Love can make us wretched, 'tis where Love
Meets with inexorable cold Disdain ;
I have confess'd, I have made known my Weakness ;
Lothario, plead no more for false *Anselmo* ;
Thou know'st this Heart is thine, devoted thine,
Plead thy own happy Cause, successful Youth ;
Talk thou no more of wounded Hearts, Despair,
And hopeless Love, for thy *Aspatia* loves ;
Let me with downcast Eyes blushing declare,
Her Flame is mutual ; may the friendly Lights
Incorporate, and make a brighter Blaze.

Loth. I own the guilty Pride that I receive,
The unutterable Pleasure that I take,
While you confess a mutual Flame for me ;
Yet conscious of the Wrong to my *Anselmo*,
The new-born Joy is dash'd with bitter Gall ;
At first my lawless Eyes confess'd their Flame,
And my weak Tongue but faintly spoke *Anselmo* ;

Thus

Thus has my Heart turn'd Rebel to my Honour;
 Oh! fair *Aspatia*, this confirms my Ruin,
 That you with mutual Passion love *Lothario*.

Asp. Hear then illustrious Friend, thou pious Youth,
 Too nicely Jealous of thy spotless Honour,
 Know that *Anselmo* never cou'd be mine,
 His Wrongs to *Julia* arm'd my Virgin Heart,
 And caution'd me against that known Deceiver.

Loth. The Plagues of *Tantalus* are senseless Tales,
 I feel ten Thousand living Furies here,
 The struggling Soul sustains unequal War,
 Here my *Aspatia* owns her tender Flame,
 And while my eager Arms wou'd clasp her close,
 And my Soul burns to taste that Heav'n of Joy,
 Behold grim Honour——like an injur'd Shade
 Stalks cross our meeting Hands;
 Judge me ye Gods; I feel *Anselmo's* Pangs,
 Participate his Grief, taste his Despair,
 And yet were he more happy, I must be
 Still hopeless——still a Wretch.

Asp. *Anselmo* when he sees how widely distant
 His Hopes are born, will sacrifice to thee,
 His luckless Passion, and oblige his Friend
 By that great generous Act.

Loth. And shall I wrong this great this generous Friend,
 The basest Thief is he who robs in Trust,
 What under Colour of fair Friendship's Name,
 To steal the dearest Treasure of his Soul;
 No more, th' op'ning Scene strikes my sick Mind
 With black Despair,——yes I will see my Heart,
 My loving lov'd *Aspatia* torn away,
 Torn from my dying Arms; speak then *Aspatia*——say,
 Wou't thou not pity poor *Anselmo's* Friend,

Wou't

Wou't thou not sigh or drop a Tear at parting?
 Canst thou behold me in the Pangs of Death,
 Rack'd with unutterable hopeless Grief;
 Wou't thou not say the over-bounteous Gods
 Ruin'd *Lothario* with their choicest Gifts,
 Gave him a faithful Friend, and touch'd the Heart
 Of his *Aspatia* with a mutual Flame,
 And yet his Friend and Mistress both were Curses.

Asp. You probe too deep your wounded Mind *Lothario*,
 And my Heart bleeds to see yours torn with Thought,
 With self-tormenting Anguish; if the Gods,
 The righteous Gods, by interposing Hands,
 Prevent not in their Providence, I swear,
 To satisfy the mighty Debt you owe,
 To Honour and your Friend; I swear to give my Hand
 Where you shall guide it: Yes, I will be *Anselmo's*,
 Tho' Death is much more welcome, to appease
 The Tempest of your Mind, to satisfy
 The Passion of your Soul, and save your Friend.

Loth. Great generous Maid, oh 'tis too much *Aspatia*,
 This vast Profusion, this Excess of Goodness;
 No, let us never part, let all be calm,
 Hence, hence perplexing Thought, *Aspatia's* mine,
 The circling Hours shall all be Peace and Joy,
 Fruit of conubial Innocence and Love.

Asp. And shall not rigid Honour interpose;
 Your Friend I fear will blast these blooming Sweets.

Loth. Why didst thou thus recall that dreadful Word,
 I swear my Love, cou'd I forget *Anselmo*;
 —But 'tis in vain—and I must part with all,
 Or sink a Wretch below the vilest Slave.

—Didst thou not promise me to give thy Hand,
 And for my Sake alone to wed *Anselmo*;
 There is no other Way—Oh wou'd my Life,

The

The parting of this brittle Soul and Frame,
 Pay down the Forfeit, I wou'd scorn to ask it,
 To save my Life alone, but 'tis my Fame,
 My Honour, and my House, yes I must stand
 A Villain on Record to future Times;
 Remorseless Fate——Ah rigid Powers supreme,
 That force us to be cruel to be Just.

Asp. No more, compose your self, my Lord, 'tis done;
 Yet think, oh think by thy own wounded Soul,
 What Pangs *Aspatia* feels to part with thee.

Loth. I will return to my unhappy Friend,
 And tell him he shall have your Hand to Morrow;
 Then let me give you to *Anselmo's* Arms:
 With a relenting, swelling Heart discharge
 This strictest Bond of Faith——

Oh Friendship, sacred Friendship now assist me.

Asp. Oh violated Love; ah ruin'd Maid!

Loth. Weep not my Love, my mangled Heart bleeds
 fresh

At every Tear, and answers Drop for Drop;
 To Morrow dress thee for a Sacrifice,
 A tender Sacrifice of Love and Honour:
 Give me thy Hand *Aspatia*, let me print
 One memorable Kiss——To Morrow's Dawn
 Parts us for ever——

Asp. For ever——dire Distress——Can we not shun
 Our gloomy Fate; think, think in Time and save us,
 Ah my *Lothario*!

Loth. It is not to be born; I dare not stay,
 Those pleading Eyes and Tears break my Resolves,
 And sink me down a Traitor: Love farewell,
 Think that to Morrow's Sun shall fix thy Name
 In Honour's brightest Roll, thrice virtuous Maid.

Exit Loth.

Asp.

The Force of Friendship.

25

Asp. sola.] He's gone, and I am bound by Oath to
Morrow,
To give my unwilling Hand to false *Anselmo*;
Yet e'er the sacred Marriage Tapers burn,
Snatch me some pitying Angel from the Altar;
Ah how perverse were the malignant Stars
That rul'd my Birth; my trembling Heart now fears
Each Moments Flight, stop all ye Wheels of Time,
Prevent the Dawn; ye swift Wing'd Minutes stay,
Or thou bright *Phæbus* ne'er restore the Day

The End of the Third Act.

E **ACT**

A C T IV.

Enter Lothario and Aspatia.

Loth. **B**Y that bless'd Sun who gilds the Rosy Morn,
 Thou art my Light and Heat, like that bright
 God

When you appear, all Nature smiles around,
 —Yet we must part—inevitable Fate,
 And dire Necessity command it from us.

Asp. Ah wherefore was I made to know your Worth,
 Why do you shine with such distinguish'd Rays,
 Illustrious in that Friendship that undoes me;
 Why did my Father fill my Virgin Heart,
 With glorious high Idæas of your Person,
 And wherefore do you more than answer all,
 My Thought conciev'd, my Fancy cou'd describe.

Loth. To add more Weight to my o'er-loaden Heart,
 The Gods inspir'd thy tender Soul with Love,
 That I might feel thy Pangs, and tast thy Sorrows,
 Perhaps to tempt my Faith, and boasted Friendship,
 She Loves, and yet that Love augments my Anguish;
 Did ever Man receive a Blessing thus,
 Disastrous Stars! Behold *Anselmo* comes,
 My rival Friend, break, break my tortur'd Heart,
 Ye Gods, support my Love, preserve my Friend.

Asp. My Rival comes, profusely kind to him
Anselmo, he has all thy Heart, *Aspatia*
 Is offer'd up to heal your wounded Faith.

Enter

Enter Anselmo.

Ans. Thus the poor Slave benighted in a Dungeon,
Percieves the friendly Light break thro' the Gloom;
So Joyous his brisk Eyes, his cheary Heart,
Welcome returning Day——Welcome *Aspatia*.
——Ha ! therefore are thy Eyes thus bent on Earth;
Why sighs my Love——Is this our Marriage Day;
She weeps, perhaps thy tender Virgin Heart
Shrinks at the Change ; say is it so *Aspatia*.

Asp. I come not out of Choice, but by Command,
Oblig'd by the severest, strictest Vow,
That ever bound a dying, lovesick Maid,
To offer you my Hand, my Heart *Anselmo*
Can ne'er be thine.

Ans. ——Ten thousand thousand Horrors,
Broke in those Words on my astonish'd Soul:
What says *Aspatia*?

Asp. My Heart can ne'er be thine, your Friend *Lothario*,
Who hates to Death unfortunate *Aspatia*,
Oblig'd me by a solemn guilty Oath
That I wou'd wed you, take my promis'd Hand,
And lead your bleeding Victim to the Altar.

Ans. Guide me ye equal Gods, 'tis all amazement,
All Wildness and Confusion shall I ask thee;
Is then thy Heart a Stranger to my Love,
Oh lead me thro' this Labyrinth of Error.

Asp. I love *Lothario* to Distraction, Death,
And as a Proof of my exalted Passion,
I have consented thus to throw away,
My Soul's eternal Peace, and sweet Repose; [*Turning*
Now execute thy own most dread Decree, to *Loth.*
And join those Hands whose Hearts can never meet.

Asp. Is this Illusion all ; the wild Ideas
Of a distemper'd Brain ? Or is it Truth,
All pointed, murdering Truth ?
Oh ! my Soul burns within me, eating Fire
Consumes the Fabrick, tell the fatal Tale,
Speak thou, *Lothario*, Truth demands thy Voice,
Thou wert a Man, a Man of Honour once,
Thus fix'd I'll stand, immoveable receive
The keenest Bolts of Fate.

Loth. Prepare thee yet to hear more dreadful Accents,
Behold before thee the most criminal,
Yet faultless Wretch, that e'er till now offended,
Impute it to my Fate, my guilty Stars,
I love *Aspatia*, yes I avow my Passion,
As violent, as faithful, and as pure
As thine.

Ans.——Hah ;

Loth. Recall your Temper, be your self, resolve,
And stand the mighty Shock.

Ans. Tho' like a Sword each sharpen'd Syllable
Strikes thro' and thro' my Heart, I'll hear thee calmly,
Yes calm as Death or sleeping Innocence,
Go on——

Loth. Have we not from our Infancy enjoy'd,
The self same Appetites, the same Disgusts,
The mutual Harmony in all but Love
Strengthen'd our Freindship, Nature so resolv'd it,
We were *created* Freinds, while the same Passions
The same Affections, govern'd all our Habits,
Oh ! hard Necessity that first oblig'd you,
To use me your Ambassador in Love,
Mankind are all your Rivals in that Fair,
Then tell me by that mutual Truth, *Anselmo*,
Which still survives within me firm as Fate,

Cou'd

Cou'd I whose Thoughts are Unisons to yours,
Evade those Charms that had prevail'd on you.

Ans. Confusion; whither wou'd the Sophist lead me:
Does she not love? Do you not stand confess'd
A Perjur'd—

Asp. *Lothario* is the Centre of my Bliss,
My Care, my utmost Wish, my Joy, my Peace.

Loth. And thou art mine, witness ye sacred Beings,
Guardians of spotless Truth, and Faith inviolate,
Behold a breaking Heart, a dying Lover
Bleeds at your Altars—Give me thy Hand, *Aspatia*,
Take—take her, Sir,—yet hold—one parting Kiss,
Oh! Taste of Joys immortal—pardon *Anselmo*,
'Tis thus I bid adieu to Life and Love,
Both which I part with to my dearest Friend.

Asp. { Thou canst not mean this cruel and unkind,
to Loth. { I feel my female Fears, my Coward Heart
Trembles and dares not stand this horrid shock.

Loth. Eternal Happiness and Joy surround you,
Prythee be very tender of thy Love,
That sweet Content may bless your peaceful Hours,
So if *Lothario's* Stars had shined auspicious,
Shou'd he have pass'd a Life of Love like you,
And mayest thou, sweet *Aspatia*, never want,
The Blessings, thou alone canst give *Anselmo*.

Asp. I must for ever want 'em, oh! farewell
To Joy, to Peace, to Happiness and Love.

Ans. You mock me with a Mistress and a Friend,
And both are false as Hell, you give her Hand
And hold her Heart in Adamantine Chains.

Loth. When Time and Marriage Rites have fix'd your
Worth,

Deep in her Mind, she must be yours entirely,
You'll wean her from her Cares with soft Indulgence,
Repeat your Vows, as on the Marriage Day,

Never

Never forget the Lover, in the Husband,
 Then she must lose *Lothario*, in *Anselmo*,
 And that I may not keep this Fire alive,
 I'll tear the hated Object from your Eyes. *[is going.]*

Asp. Oh! Cruel take *Aspatia's* parting Soul. *[she faints.]*

Loth. Oh! Heaven she faints beneath her heavy Grief,
 My Soul is with her, help me, Sir, to raise her,
 Pity the poor *Aspatia* see her Sorrows.

Asp. Rigid *Anselmo*, too relentless Friend,
 Inexorable, quit my guilty Hand;
 And give me back, oh give me to *Lothario*.
[He quits her Hand and she runs to Loth.]

Yes I'll be his, for ever, only his,
 Or thus I'll kneel, and weep my Life away.

Ans. How aukardly thou playst the Hypocrite,
to Loth. Come 'tis too much, *Lothario*,

Loth. Too much indeed, and Hypocrite's a Name,
 You once had blush'd to think your Friend deserv'd.

Ans. No more, Sir, take that fatal Beauty back,
 And if you can return and justify
 This horrid Fact, I'll wait you and till then,
 Stifle my just Resentment;—Oh my Heart.

[Exeunt Loth. and Asp.]
Ans. alone How have my Crimes incens'd the Powers
 Supreme.

To wound my Soul in it's most tender Parts,
 My Mistress and my Friend, thoughtless *Anselmo*,
 Neither deserv'd thy Love; the fickle Maid,
 I can forgive, for Woman is Deceit,
 And their false Hearts, receive each new Impression,
 As the soft Wax the Seal; their frailer Vows
 Blown to and fro obedient to each Breath,
 Of empty Air, light as the Down of Thistles,
 And

And yet *Aspatia*'s form'd of purer Clay;
At least I thought her Mind more Elegant;
Lothario too had finewy Virtue once;
At least so I believ'd; but he's a Traitor,
Has broke the strongest Ties of Faith and Friendship.

Enter *Lothario*.

Well, Sir, have you bestow'd your Charge.

Loth. The fair *Aspatia* delug'd in her Tears,
Has beg'd a short Reprieve for a few Hours,
E'er she resigns her Freedom, with her Hand.

Ans. Why this false Show of Honour, this Disguise,
Why do you torture thus a Wretch you've wrong'd,
By counterfeiting what *Lothario* was?
Have you not then betray'd me, broke your Trust,
And rob'd me of a Mistress, and a Friend.

Loth. No, Sir, you rob your Friend by this Distrust,
You wrong the Man who laid down more than Life,
When he gave up *Aspatia* to your Arms,
The lovely Maid confess'd a mutual Flame,
This Conscious let me say was the first Proof,
This fatal Passion only cou'd evince,
My Honour was superior to my Love.

Ans. Yes, when you'd basely practis'd with her Virtue,
And talk'd your self into her tender Heart,
You play this after Game, this poor mock Show;
Do you not love, did not your guilty Eyes
Mingle their fiery Beams with my *Aspatia*'s,
When confident in your superior Interest,
With treacherous Arts you triumph'd o'er her Soul,
Then bring your counterfeited Victim here,
And brave me with an empty Sacrifice.

Loth. By Heav'n, by all those spotless Pow'rs that claim
The Conduct of our Passions, here I swear,

From

From the first Moment that this fatal Fire
 Inflam'd my Heart, I vow'd my self its Martyr, I feel
 I gave her to your Arms, my self to Death,
 Oh fatal hard Dilemma, I must die;
 Unless *Aspatia's* mine, nor can I live,
 Live perjur'd by her Love, and wrong *Anselmo*.

Ans. What woud'st thou talk me from my just Resent-
 ment,

Oh my reluctant Soul, that I shou'd live
 To know *Lothario's* but a glossing Slave,
 A Parasite that crept into my Trust,
 And got him Credit purely to deceive:
 Draw Villain, with thy Sword defend that Life,
 Thy Words with ineffectual Vigour try'd.

Loth. And can thy Sword stab deeper after Villain,
 Villain and Parasite; oh be assur'd *Anselmo*,
 When first I heard those Words, I held my Life
 Of no Account, not worth the least Defence,
 Mistaken Man——Fulfil the mighty Woe,
 By this last Act, the Murther of thy Friend.

Ans. Friend, thou perfidious Coward, I thy Friend,
 No, from the common Joal I'd choose a Russian
 As rank a Knave as ever fell by Justice,
 Then hug him to my Bosom, call him Friend,
 He cou'd not prove a Traitor like *Lothario*.

Loth. Wound me not thus with Words---your Sword's
 unsheath'd,
 For oh I feel my burning Blood boils high,
 And Reason flies before it.

Ans. Thou lyest, thy Blood is all one Jey Cake,
 An Ague shakes thy Limbs, and dastard Fear
 Disarms thy trembling Hand.

Loth. [*draws*] Enough---be cancell'd all that worthy Hoard
 Of Honour, antient League, and friendly Bonds,
 Take back thy Traitor, Villain, Parasite.

[*They fight, Anselmo is disarm'd.*

Ans.

Ans. Hah, feeble Arm;
Curse on my cloudy Fate, *Lothario* lives,
He lives, and Conquers both in Love and War.

Loth. There, Sir, receive your Sword, and use it
now,
Now you're convinc'd my Courage is not false,
I'll prove my Friendship true, if you can hear,
And like a Man temper impetuous Heat.

Ans. There's something — so forgiving and so
kind,
So Godlike in thee, if thou dost prove true,
I shall run mad with Horror to reflect
How I have us'd thee; wou't thou then forgive me.

Loth. All, all will I forgive; and tho' the Light
Be not so dear to me as thy *Aspatia*,
I will restore her to your longing Arms;
Provide a Priest, and when the Evening's Dusk
With his grey Mantle folds the dewy Air,
Beneath yon Convent's Walls you shall receive her;
Yes, she will keep her Vow, and give her Hand,
Her Heart perhaps may follow:
Me she'll forget when I am mix'd with Earth,
And the cold Grave has bury'd all Distinction.

Ans. Oh my *Lothario*! now I know thee all,
Blind 'till this Moment to thy Countless Worth;
Capacious is thy Mind, unlimited,
Great, generous; a Spark of Heav'nly Heat
Strikes thro' my Soul, and warns me to be Just,
Just to the sacred Friendship which I owe;
Take back th' ador'd *Aspatia*, thee she loves,
Me she abhors; I am her last Aversion,
And thou her lovely Pride, her softest Wish.

The Force of Friendship.

Loth. No more of that fix'd as the Law supreme
Is my Resolve, *Aspatia* shall be yours,
Without a Rival yours; spare, spare your Thanks;

'Tis Friendship all, 'tis rigid Honour's due,

And I must be most Cruel to be True.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Lothario and Aspatia.

Asp. **Y**our rigid Honour like a burning Torch
Preys on it self, with self consuming Fires
You waste, they light you downwards to the Grave;
Already your pale Cheeks, your languid Eyes,
Confess the civil Strife that reigns within;
Shake off my Lord this inauspicious Wretch,
Think on me as a Creature doom'd by Heav'n
To blast your growing Peace, your evil Genius;
Reflect on that Serenity of Mind,
That Harmony of Thought, those mutual Joys
That flow'd from Souls united, bless'd in all
Fortune or Friendship cou'd on Man bestow,
Then think on me, think on the fatal Storm
That dash'd on Rocks, and Shipwreck'd all at Once;
Yes, leave me Sir, to my abandon'd Fate;
Tear, tear me from your Bosom, your *Aspatia*,
Wide as the distant Winds and Seas can bear you,
Fly this Disturber of your sweet Repose.

Loth. Accuse thy partial Fate, unhappy Maid,
That forc'd thy tender Heart to hear my Vows,
And taught it to be sensible of Love;
Indulge me yet a little in my Ruin,
Ah suffer me to look my Life away,
While prostrate at thy Feet I tell my Love,
And let my latest Accent sigh *Aspatia*;

F 2

But

36 *The Force of Friendship.*

But hark *Anselmo* calls, my injur'd Friend,
Demands thee all, and we must part, my Love,
I have thy Word, thy Faith to be *Anselmo's*,
Yes thou bright Excellence let ardent Virtue,
By this unequal'd Force of generous Love,
Inroll thee with the Stars.

Asp. Yes I will save *Lothario*,
At least I'll struggle with heroic Energy,
To conquer all this Tendernefs of Soul,
Stifle my rising Sighs, and choak my Tears,
Till my swell'd Heart-strings burst, and scalding Rain
Burns this frail Beauty up.

Loth. Distressful Nature starts with Horror back,
And shuns the dreadful Conflict, no *Aspatia*,
I will not dare to ask thee too be miserable,
Live in thy Virgin Innocence secure,
But oh! forget, raze from thy Memory
If thou wou'dst court sweet Peace, my fatal Name,
For that must live the Scorn of vulgar Tongues,
A Villain that betray'd his Friend, that rob'd him
Of all that he held dear!
Let not Reflection bring me to thy Thought,
Least thou contemn my Ashes, let all be lost,
As if recorded in the Sand or Flood,
Farewel, may softest Peace, and living Joys
Wait on you here, till Time be swallow'd up,
In never dying Bliss.

Asp.—Stay, stay, *Lothario*,
Tho' Nature Shrinks, and shuns the fiery Combat,
Yet I will fall thy Martyr, yes my Soul,
Touch'd with magnetic Virtue owns the Sympathy,
And dares not suffer thee to be unjust,
My Hand shall be *Anselmo's*, and while Life,
While feeble Life supports the Loss of thee,
Thy Friend shall bind me his, in Marriage Chains,

This

This Evening shall conclude it, lead me forth,
Yes let us then in solemn Silence part,
Without one Word to raise the glowing Embers
No not a Whisper, with a fable Veil,
I'll hide these Eyes, while you perform your Vow,
And give me to *Anselmo*.

Loth. Words will but wrong what nothing can express,
Health giving Maid, Cure to my wounded Soul;
At what a mighty Price I save my Faith,
Oh! dear bought Friendship——
Angelic Forms dress'd in Empyrean Light,
When they descend to Mortals so they talk,
So look, so charm the Senses into Transport,
But oh! the Heavenly Vision disappears,
And all is dark again; yes I must lose thee,
Lose thee for ever——no——my Soul shall quit
This Earthly Clog, then will I swift ascend,
And work a Starry Crown for my *Aspatia*,
Expect thee there, there in those Realms of Light,
Where thou and I, and my *Anselmo's* Soul
Refin'd from Dross and Visionary Honour,
Shall all enjoy Eternity of Friendship.——

Asp. Alas the working Passion hurts thy Mind,
Retire, compose thy self, all will be well.——

[*Exeunt. Asp. returns with Jul.*]

Jul. Why this distracting Scene, wherefore appears,
This wild Confusion, in the downy Breasts
Of mutual Lovers, great *Lothario's* Heart,
Seems all distorted with Convulsive Pangs,
Intemperate Sorrow shakes thy tender Frame,
The Roses leave thy Cheeks, a sickly Pale,
Spreads o'er thy Face; oh! tell me dear, *Aspatia*,
In Friendship's Name thy Grief.

Asp.——Friendship, accursed Word,
Bane of my Peace, and Source of all my Tears,

No

No Parents Curse disjoins our meeting Hands,
 No former Oath of plighted Love divides us,
 No distant Lands, or Seas, or Rocks between,
 No jealous Pangs disturb us; jealous Honour,
 Parts us as far as Seas or Winds can drive,
 And we shall never meet, unequal Fate,
 This Night he gives me to his dying Friend,
 And I am sworn t'obey him veil'd and silent,
 That neither Language of the Heart or Eyes,
 May raise the burning Embers, have I Cause
 To weep and Sigh—yes everlasting Cause—

Jul. Ah how perverse is thy sad Fate and mine,
 I die for this *Anselmo*, whom your Soul,
 Meets with the utmost Horror, the soft Heat,
 With macerating Fire consumes me still,
 And tho' he basely broke his solemn Contract,
 For which my Brother vows him constant Hate,
 And still pursues him with his vengeful Sword,
 Yet I still love the Traitor, oh, *Aspatia*,
 Forgive me that till now I blush'd to own,
 That this slow Feaver hung about my Soul,
 But 'tis a fatal Truth, we both are curs'd,
 From the same Fountain both our Sorrows spring.

Asp. I thought till now that his unjust Disdain,
 Had quite effac'd his Image in your Heart,
 Unhappy, *Julia*, let us mourn our Sorrows,
 And weep in Comfort; yes there is Relief,
 From mutual Tears, and Harmony in Grief. [Exeunt,

Enter Sebastian and his Friend.

Seb. Triumphant in his Guilt he laughs at Vows,
 Elate with Pride and boasts to scorn my Sword,

Who

Who wou'd not bear shou'd never do a Wrong;
That Man betrays himself whoe'er defends
His Honour, when he dares to be a Villain:

Anselmo thus has wrong'd himself and me
By breaking his most solemn Vows to *Julia*,
But he shall do her Justice; yet this Arm
Shall right my injur'd Name, or fall a Martyr,
A glorious Martyr in the Cause of Virtue.

Ant. This Morn I saw him pensive and alone,
Walking behind the Convent of St. *James*.

Seb. I'll search *Verona* round, he shall not long
Escape my Sword; methinks till I have Justice
A mighty Load sits heavy on my Soul,
As if I felt his Guilt, 'tis mine *Antonio*
Till my good Sword bath'd deep in purple Streams
Has wash'd the Stain away—Help me *Astrea*,
Support me Justice, 'tis thy sacred Cause,
Look down from Heav'n, give thy celestial Aid
To my weak Arm, and right an injur'd Maid. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lothario leading in Julia veil'd at one Door, and
Anselmo at the opposite.*

Loth. to Ans.] Receive as the last Proof, the living Seal
Of Faith unbroken, ev'n thy own *Aspatia*,
Imagine when the Soul and Body part,
What horrid Images distracting whirl
Round the sick Brain: All Nature's Frame is shook;
Or think upon a Wretch condemn'd to Fires
In Sight of Joys immortal: Think on me,
Inevitable Fate, or dire Despair
Besieg'd m' unguarded Soul: I might have held
Aspatia mine in firm Connubial Bonds,
But false to thee, I must have liv'd unworthy,
Of this bright Gift of Heav'n, I chose to die,

Die.

Die for you both, both equally deserve it ;
Thus I shall rise victorious from the Grave.

Ans. There is no other Way to prove my Soul
Keeps equal Pace with thine : I quit my Right,
Receive *Lothario* back this fatal Gift,
'Tis I must die, eternal Fate has doom'd it ;
Yet, yet my parting Soul shall mix with thine,
The general Lamp extinguish'd, shall in thee
Light up a brighter Flame, and live *Aspatia's*.

Loth. Unalterable is my firm Decree,
Farewell, tho' I must rob you of a Friend,
Aspatia will be yours ; farewell for ever. [*Exit Loth.*

Ans. Thy trembling Hand *Aspatia* still declares
The Terror of thy Mind : No, thou shalt live,
Live a long Life in Peace with thy *Lothario*,
That Godlike Youth merits the greatest Gift,
The greatest Bliss that Man can tast below ;
Let me conduct thee quickly to *Lothario* ;
Yes, you shall both be happy, 'tis resolv'd,
Howe'er the Gods dispose the lost *Anselmo*.

As they are going off, Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Stay Sir, return, one Word, there is a Debt,
A Debt of Honour due to me, and *Julia*,
Which thus you must Discharge. [*Draws.*

Ans. Tho' I disown your Claim, you shall be answer'd ;
Come on Sir, bright *Aspatia* be the Word.

Seb. *Aspatia* is the fairest of her Sex,
And must disown a perjur'd Wretch like thee. [*They fight,*
Julia interposing is wounded by Anselmo and falls.

Ju. For Heaven, for Nature's Sake *Sebastian* hold,
Hold thou *Anselmo*, as you Mercy hope ;
Alas the guilty Steel has pierc'd my Heart ;
Yet 'tis some Pleasure that I die by thee,
By my *Anselmo's* Hand.

[*They pause a while.*

Ans.

Ans. ——— Hah *Julia* hurt,
Accursed hand, yes thou art born *Anselmo*,
Foredoom'd to be the Death of all who Love thee;

Seb. Come, Sir, the dreadful Scene is yet not finish'd,
And *Julia*'s bleeding Image strikes my Soul,
Redoubles Rage and Vengeance.

Ans. Tho' I despise my Life, I will defend it,
To know why *Julia* took *Aspatia*'s form;
Thou sha't not be a Victor yet fond Youth.

[*They renew the Fight, Anselmo is wounded and falls.*
Thou hast thy Wish, I faint, my bleeding Heart
will Cure my wounded Soul.

Julia. Hear me *Anselmo*, for my Spirits fail,
How I have lov'd thee let my Dying witness;
Aspatia first spoke of your Rival Friend,
And the whole Progress of your fatal Loves,
She told me too she must be offer'd up
This Evening Veil'd and silent by your Friend;
But I prevented all, and Veil'd appear'd
E'er the appointed hour to your *Lothario*,
Who led me, as he thought, his own *Aspatia*,
And gave me to your Arms, nor did *Aspatia*
Know the deceit. What my fond Heart cou'd Hope
From such a Marriage must be vain ——— But Heaven
Has put a period to my Love and Life. [*Dyes.*

Ans. Fate has determin'd, and I justly fall.

Seb. (*Kneeling by Julia*)

Ah! thou fair Flower torn from thy tender Stalk
In thy sweet Bloom, / She's gone, the Soul is fled,
Her Eyes, those Christal Orbs, have lost their Fires,
And Death, cold Death seiz'd all her beauteous Limbs.

Thy hand *Sebastian* too is Crimson'd o'er,
And blushes with a Sisters Blood, ——— Oh Heav'n
Accept my Vow, from this unhappy Hour

G

I'll

The force of Friendship.

I'll leave the Guilty World, and in a Convent
Wast all my future Life in Prayer and Penitence,
And wash with Tears unfeign'd my sullied Soul.

[Exit Seb.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. Why does the Soul thus cleave to hated Earth,
Has she one Hope to aid her? Black Despair
Damps all her Native Heat, Obscures her Light,
And all within is Chaos and Confusion:
No, she speaks Peace no more; sweet Peace is gone.

Ans. Lothario ——— Oh, my Friend!

Loth. ——— Hah! what do these Eyes behold,

Anselmo dying ——— Sweet *Aspatia* dead ———

Here is a Scene of Guilt ——— of Blood and Guilt;

Heroic Maid, thou most Illustrious Youth,

Is this thy Bridal Bed? Are these the Joys

Of *Hymen*? Must we all be tortur'd thus

For loving to excess? Both Murther'd — Both.

Oh! 'tis too much ye Powers, ye give me Strength
And Reason but to make me greatly wretched.

Ans. Temper thy Grief *Lothario*, hear me speak;
Hear thy expiring Friend speak words of Joy,
Sweet Comfort to thy Soul.

[Lothario Drawing his Sword.

Loth. Yes I will Kneel and hear thee.
What didst thou mention Comfort, here it is,
Yet have I strength to shake the Burthen off;
Two such Companions in my Death, 'tis Joy,
'Tis Transport, and I feel again Repose:
Thus then I come.

[As he would Rise, *Ans.* holds him.

Ans. Hold Sir, I beg you hold and hear me speak,
Aspatia lives, lives for her own *Lothario*:
There *Julia* lies, that *Julia* whom I wrong'd,

Slain.

Slain by this Hand, just as she interpos'd
Between *Sebastian's* fatal Sword and mine.

Enter Aspatia, Leonato, Servants.

Live, Live *Lothario*, thus that equal hand
That deals unerring Justice to his Creatures,
Commands thee by my fall; I faint, farewell. [*Dyes.*

Loth. Behold *Aspatia*, see *Anselmo* Dying,
He's gone, for ever gone; Oh my *Aspatia*

[*Loth. stands in a fix'd Posture.*

Asp. Fate has determin'd for us, You have lost
The just *Anselmo*, I the faithful *Julia*;
Both merit Tears, and never dying Gratitude.

Leon. Remove the Bodies, 'tis a mournful sight;
Sebastian with a bleeding Heart inform'd me
Of what here happen'd. Hence be warn'd my Children,
Of breaking Vows, and violating Truth.

*Hence let the perjur'd Lover learn his Doom,
The hand of Justice tho' 'tis slow will come:
For tender Virgins Sighs those Powers must move,
Who are like them, All Harmony and Love.*

FINIS.

Slain by this Hand, just as the interpos'd
Between Sebastian's fatal Sword and mine.

Enter Alvarado, Leonato, and Sebastian.

Alv. Live Leonato, thus that equal hand
That deals unerring justice to his creatures,
Commands thee by my fall; I faint, farewell.
Loth. Behold Alvarado, see Alvarado dying.
He's gone, for ever gone; Oh my Alvarado,
Loth. What a sight is this!
Alv. Fate has determin'd for us, You have lost
The just Alvarado, I the faithful Juliet;
Both merit Tears, and never dying Gratitude.
Leon. Remove the Bodies, 'tis a moment's light
Sebastian with a bleeding Heart inform'd me
Of what here happen'd. Hence be warn'd in Children
Of breaking Vows, and violating Truth.

James let the picture of a Lover, learn from Death
The hand of Justice tho' the flow will come.
For tender Victims sigh those Poets' words were
And are like thee, All Harmony and Love.

FINIS.

Dramatis Personae.

Accused
in

Love in a Chest,

A

FARCE.

SCENE

Dramatis Personæ.

Cardinal *Cantelmi*,

Mr. *Cross*.

Faschinetti, an old Fellow in Love }
with *Theresa*, } Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Carpegna in Love with *Cassata*, Mr. *Bullock*.

Dona Theresa, the Cardinal's Niece, Mrs. *Bicknell*.

Lovisa, *Carpegna*'s Wife, Mrs. *Baker*.

Cassata, Wife to *Faschinetti*, Mrs. *Saunders*.

Fantasio, *Theresa*'s Page, &c.

SCENE

SCENE I. ACT I.

SCENE Draws, and discovers Dona Theresa on a Couch, Fantasio waiting.

Ther. Fantasio!

Fant. Madam?

Ther. The Tablets;

And then, then only when we Love; we Live:
Life without Love wou'd be a perfect Winters Journey, dull
and dirty, 'tis the Serum of the Blood, the Vehicle that
Circulates the Spirits; Love Burnishes our Wit, Polishes
our Manners, Relishes our Converse, Sweetens our Cares,
and Regulates our other Passions; 'tis the Parent of our
Honour, and Nurse of our Pride.—Ah Sebastian how
insipid wou'd Life be without thee! Fantasio, where's the
Cardinal?

Fant. Just now I saw him walking toward the Orange
Grove with Lovisa. [Exit. Fant.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Once more I've snatch'd a happy Moment to tell
my Theresa I am only hers.

Ther. 'Tis hard that we are forc'd to steel a meeting
thus, but Difficulty and Danger increase the Worth of the
Prize; Love and Laurels are not to be Purchas'd without
Blood and Danger.

Seb. Nor Merited.

Ther. How did you avoid my Uncle, I wonder you will
hazard All——!

Seb. I saw your Scarlet Sin make towards the Orange
Grove, I suppose he intends to Confess Carpegna's Wife,
he

he seem'd warm in his Argument with her, and his Face outblush'd his Robes: I catch'd the welcome Minute, and flew to my *Theresa*.

Ther. My Uncle, to give him his due, I believe would have all Women Chast, but those whom he likes, and were it so I can tell you we shou'd have some Courtezans: And yet how Jealous is he of me, he watches me with the Zealous Industry of a fancyful Husband: As suspicious of my Virtue as my old Lover *Faschinetti*, that Goat; I hate him, he thinks his Age and Wealth give him the Privilege of a *Spanish Duena*. What shall we do? I know he will interrupt us in these few Minutes thou hast Ravish'd.

Seb. This impertinent Assiduity is certainly the Child of Jealousy.

Ther. He loves me like his Money; for he wou'd never trust me out of his sight.

Seb. Nor can he use thee when thou art in it; If he had thee in his Possession *Theresa*, He cou'd only lock thee up in the securest place of the House and look at thee.

Ther. He winds the Muscles of his Apish Phyz into Fifty differing turns, and stirs up the two humid lamps that lye sunk in their Sockets, to attempt a feeble blaze; but alas they twinkle only, give a faithless light.

Seb. He comes — a true Lover — as Constant as thy shadow.

Enter Faschinetti.

Faschi. I have been hunting your Ladyship all about; *Fantasio* told me you had not been within since *Matins* — but I know Pages will Lye — Od I was sending a Hue and Cry after you for Felony upon my Heart.

Ther. Petty Larceny, Sir, 'tis not to the value of Ten-pence.

Fas. Ah Rogue, well I love your Jokes, Od I love your Jibes ; but tell me now, dear *Terry* tell me, Are not you the most beautiful Woman in *Italy*?

Seb. (Clapping him on the Shoulder)

——'Tis granted Sir ; And are not you the most Impudent Old Scoundrel in the World ——

Fas. Oh ho —— are you there Bully Rock, —— Why so tho' Prythee?

Seb. To make Love to the finest Woman : Are you qualified to bear Arms under *Venus* now —— Get thee thy Cradle ready thou Old Infant ; thy second Childhood's coming, buy a Nurse thou Baby.

Fas. Why what a furious hot young Dog this is? (*aside.*) But pray Sir, if I am so old or so young as you say, Why are you, who do me the Honour to be my Rival, uneasie? Am I not then to be trusted with a fair Lady? Ah Rogue.

Seb. Tho' my Mistress is as safe with thee as with her Parrot, yet thou hast the Birds quality of catching Words, talking after Folks, —— Hearkee ye old Polecat, If ever I find you again in this place, I'll strip your shrivel'd Parchment over your Ears, and Gibbet you in a Warren.

Fas. For a destroyer of the Game, —— Od I don't like his looks tho' ; the Fellow has Mischief in his Heart.

Seb. What injury has this Lady done you Sir, to merit your impudent Addresses, thou Impotent Fribler?

Fas. Impotent ! Look here, here are Muscles, here are Sinews, here's a Leg as firm as Brawn, here's a Chine broad and sappy, here's an Eye —— bright and wanton ; here's a Complexion florid and full ; Impotent : Ah, ah, take a little Steel Boy, —— Od thou art very spleenatic.

Seb. Thy Insolence ought to be cur'd with Steel indeed, and I don't care if I am your Doctor.

Ther. For Heav'n sake *Sebastian* be gone, this will produce I know not what : Let me see you again quickly, but no more in this shape, till I find means to lull that shaggy

Argus ; Or the Cardinal will surprize us, and we shall be both undone. [Exit Seb.]

Fas. Is he gone — 'tis well, I cou'd not have endur'd this much longer; the Fellow grew troublesom.

Ther. The Philosopher got the better of the Lover, or you had been Angry.

Fas. Angry — Od, Madam I am angry; and I will be very angry: I'll meet him where he dares Sword and Pistol. — Od I'll Complain to the Cardinal.

Ther. If you are for doing your self Justice by Complaints to my Uncle, I'll complain too, I've some Interest there, I'll know why I am so continually persecuted with your ridiculous Passion; I'll acquaint your Wife too with your sawcy Pretensions, she shall know what a Vigorous old Fellow you're become; I fancy you may find in that Account business enough at home, without running Riot on your Neighbours.

Fas. Forgive me, Dear *Terry* now forgive me: Mum's the Word: I'll say nothing, no not a syllable; but if you cou'd look upon a faithful Servant.

Ther. I Vow *Faschinetti* I know not which becomes thee worst, thy Love or thy Anger; but both together make miserable work with thy old Carcass.

Fas. Ah, if I had but crept into your Heart like that young happy Dog *Sebastian*; Od I believe *Theresa* thou art one of the Nine Muses, Looke here, nay I'll read it. (*pulls out a Paper*) I protest you have a lucky manner in Poetry, these Verses are under your own hand; let me see *To the agreeable Strephon*, You cou'd not mean me sure, Aye it was *Sebastian*: Come I'll read 'em.

[*Theresa* snatches the Paper.]

Ther. What! have you had the Assurance to Rob my Toilet? I must tell you Sir, this is not to be born, and if any thing like this ever happens again, be assur'd thou sha't suffer for thy insolence.

Fas.

Fas. Suffer, od I suffer already All the Pains of a Despairing Lover: If your Heart is not all Crufted round with cold hard Marble Pity me---Your Eyes have wounded, they alone can cure; Take all my Fortune, Run away from this old Rogue of a Cardinal, but run away with me, not with *Sebastian*--Ah! *Terry*, *Terry*, how can you be so obdurate and so cold?

Ther. Thou art a pretty old Fellow, I'll tell my Uncle every Word, and have you turn'd out of the Pallace.

Fas. I'll forswear it every Word if you do; besides I have a secret or two of his in keeping, which obliges him not to hear ill of me.

Ther. Ah, 'tis too true----What shall I do, thou art the Plague of my Life. —

Fas. Put me to a better Use then, take me to your Arms, and let me be the Joy of it.

Ther. By this very forward Manner thou shoudst be sprung originally from a Foggy Island North-west of *England*.

Fas. Od I'll be Divorced from *Cassata*, and Marry thee.

Ther. That indeed wou'd be the only Method I cou'd take to be compleatly reveng'd on thee.

Fas. Let me kiss that dear pretty soft, sweet, smooth, White Pudsey; Do *Terry*, do —

Ther. Thou abominable, shrivell'd, Ugly, old Paralytical Monster, begon, or I'll stab thee; I'll Bath a Dagger in thy Blood, and let out this unnatural heat that works you up into a Lover —

Fas. Hey, in your Altitudes *Terry*? Thou hast a Passion for me I see, I move your Anger I find, tho' not your Love: Ah, I have made the warm Rogu'y Blood Circulate, how it rises in her Face! ---I ha' done *Terry*, I ha done. (*Exit Ther.*) Well I must take a happyer Moment. *The Falling out of Lovers is the Renewing of Love.* (*Exit.*)

SCENE The Grove.

Enter Cardinal and Lovisa.

Card. Thou sha't Dress in Oriental Pearl, and Jewels of the first Water, thou sha't eat in Gold, breath the richest Perfumes, thy Feet shall tread on Silk and Arras, thou sha't be gently lull'd to Rest with sweetest softest Harmony, thy Eyes shall be Feasted with the best strokes of *Titian, Angelo* or *Rubens*, and for Variety, with Grotto's and Cascades; thy Servants shall be as Silent and Obedient as the Grand Seignior's Mutes; in short thou sha't be *Alcmena* and I *Jupiter*——

Lov. But will *Carpegna*, my Lord, take it well to be *Amphitrion*?

Card. His Horns, thou sweetest Daughter of *Venus*, shall sit easie on him, they shall be Gilt all over.

Lov. My Lord, he loves me to that Degree, he'll ne'er bear it with the least patience.

Card. Then when he next Levys me I'll Poison him in a Dish of Chocolet.

Lov. So; there's Murder and Adultery swallow'd at one Gulp. (aside.)

Oh! my Lord, never think, I shou'd after such an Act be for ever miserable——

Card. Then let him live——Live my illustrious Cuckold: But when, when shall I be circled in those snowy Arms, when taste the sweets that I so long have Courted?

Lov. To morrow *Carpegna* takes his Journey for *Rome*, then my Lord——But my dearer Honour——*Eleanora* yesterday I saw at Mass, had the brightest Crucifix set with little Diamond Stars, and in the midst the finest Ruby.

Card. What do they say's the value?

Lov.

Lov. — Four Hundred Ducats.

Card. Were I the Monarch of the *East*, thou shoud'st be Studded o'er with large and pointed Diamonds, thy Robes shou'd Beam upon the Gazing Mob, and Emulate thy Eyes; the Ladies shou'd run Mad with Envy, the Men with Love, while I in full possession of this Treasure wou'd Give and Receive Joys from thee, that alone shou'd be beyond that; *Inestimable.*

Lov. But as to this Crucifix, *Lopez* the Jeweller shew'd me one I thought as fine, and very near the Value of *Eleanora's*.

Card. Then purchase it, the bright *Lovisa* shall outshine her, there are 500 Ducats: Adieu my Goddeffs, my *Alcmena*, to morrow Night shall give the World a second *Hercules*, — *(aside.)*

Lov. This Priest is a Composition of all the Evils that Satan ever yet infus'd into one Bosom: Pride, Revenge, Lust, and Hypocrisie. Pride, indeed, is his predominant Vice, and 'tis with some difficulty he makes his pleasure buckle to it: He is a hopeful hinge of the Church in troth.

Enter Carpegna.

Carp. Ah ha *Lovisa*, well, I met your Holy Lover; Am I to be a Cuckold, or how?

Lov. Not with that Lump of iniquity I promise thee *Carpegna*; He lies so open to be Jilted 'twou'd be pity a Woman shou'd make any other use of him; he has promis'd himself vast Happiness to morrow: I told him you were to go to *Rome* — Look'ee I have taken earnest, this is to purchase a few Jewels. *[Shows the Purse, and he takes it.]*

Carp. --- A very pretty Choir of Church Musick truly: Heark! *(He shakes the Purse)* why he bids high, one wou'd think he were Bribing to be Pope.

Lov.

Lov. Oh! he talks of nothing but treading of Silk, breathing Perfumes, I know not what, I am to be *Alcmena* and he *Jupiter*.

Carp. With all my Heart in good Faith, if he always descends in Show'rs of Gold.

Lov. And yet he's such a Villain, shou'd a Woman consent to his Embraces, he'd soon find her to be Mortal, and Poison her that she might tell no Tales.

Carp. A Pox of the Pillars of the Popedom, if they are all made of such stuff as this, I'll turn Heretic.

Lov. While I keep him at his due distance, I can twine him with a Hair, and lead his Divinity by the Nose at pleasure; I'll bleed him to the last Ducat, and thou sha't Rife *Carpegna*, as many a Great Man has, by thy Wife's Industry.

Carp. Then I'll Pocket up my Horns and my Sences, be Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and Resign my self into my Wife's keeping, as a Great Man shou'd do. —

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Theresa.

THink a little *Theresa* whither will this Passion hurry thee, thy Uncle the moment he hears *Sebastian* has been within these Walls turns thee out of 'em, or shuts thee up in a Nunnery for Life: And *Sebastian*, to ballance this Account, has a Sword and a Heart intirely at my Service: But his Fortune as well as his Mistress must depend upon his Sword; and heaven knows both his Heart and his Sword may prove a brittle Security.

Enter

Enter Fant. Conducting in Sebastian in the Habit of a Perfume Woman.

Fant. Here's a Woman wou'd sell your Ladyship some Perfumes or Essence—— [Exit Fant.]

Seb. My Angel, my *Theresa*, Behold what Shapes Love makes us put on; but Gods (or Poets feign) taught us poor Mortals first to intrigue in Counterfeited shapes.

Ther. They taught you too to Deceive, can you be false; I know 'tis more difficult to retain one Heart than to Conquer a Thousand, will you be Constant?

Seb. Make your own Conditions, let the Priest secure us.

Ther. He can only tye a knot which shall hold when your Inclinations are broke, that I don't desire, let the Husband I say dye with the Lover——

Seb. Be assur'd, my *Theresa*, I will be both for Life. Heark! what Noise is that?

Ther. 'Tis *Faschinetti's* Cough, shall I never be rid of this quotidian Ague? Let us retire into this Closet, there we shall be undisturb'd; 'tis my Uncles Study, and he does not know I have a Key to it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Faschinetti.

Where can she be!---where has she hid her self!--- why shou'd she hide her self!---that strong young Dog will carry her off---Od I sweat at the thought---Oh you *Silvaen* Deities and Murmuring Streams, and Groves, and Brooks, and Woods, and Floods, and Gods, take pity on the poor despairing *Faschinetti in-amorato*---I have search'd every Creek, and Hole, and Corner, this is the last Room, sure she is not got into the Cardinal's Study---I'll peep however---Od there she is and an old Woman with her--- that

that must be some Bawd they seem so busie---As I live they Kifs and Hug as if they wou'd grow together---By his Holinesses Toe---she has pull'd off his Headcloaths and 'tis a Fellow, a brisk young Fellow; Od I think 'tis Sebastian---very well---very well---O Tempora, o Mores---I'll make a Merit of a Secret however as a Polititian thou'd---but I dare trust 'em together no longer.

[He treads hard, and knocks at the Door.

Enter Theresa and Sebastian in Disguise.

Ther. Well Sir, am I always to be disturb'd?

Fasch. No---No Disturbance Terry: What have you been purchasing some Essence?---let me see Woman, let me see.

Ther. Let the Woman go, you'll not buy anything I know.

Fas. (Surveying him) Od but I will---a clever sort of a well made, Airy, Genteel sort of a Creature---What shall I give for this Bottle of Orange Flower? (He endeavours to peep in Sebastian's Face, and he hides it.) Give? Od I'll give thee a Kifs. [Pulls open his Hoods and Kisses him, and Sebastian trips up his Heels and runs out.

Ther. If he has discover'd him I am undone.

Fas. ---She Wrestles well---a Murrain on her for a broad back'd Jade---Od this Perfume Woman of yours is a termagant: What only for a Kifs an impudent Sow;---She wou'd not have deny'd you such a Favour.

Ther. What do you mean Sir?

Fas. Mean? Why I mean I am not so old, my sight is not so bad but I know a Hawk from a Handfaw, and a young Cavalier from an old Perfume Woman.

Ther. Well, I declare I knew nothing of it, he came in that Habit without my Consent or Privity; but I have forbid him my sight for ever for his rudeness.

Fas.

Fas. You knew nothing of his coming, and went by Chance into the most *private* part of the House — And having no particular business with a Perfume Woman, you Lock'd your self and her carefully up together, — And being very Angry with him for his Rudeness, you Kiss'd him as if your Lips were Glew'd to his: I saw 'em join'd three Minutes at least — Ah *Terry, Terry*, thou art a fain Angel —

Ther. Well Sir, you have me in your Power, my Reputation is in your hands and I must submit.

Fas. — Nay — if thou wou't love me a little Tiny bit *Terry*, I will be as secret and as diligent as the most experienc'd Baud in *Italy*.

Ther. But if my Uncle knows I give you encouragement, I'm undone that way too.

Fas. No, no; He shall never know it Give me those five soft, white, pretty little Playfellows — let me Kiss 'em —

Ther. An Ugly Grey Badger, I loath him. (*aside.*)

Fas. I am hardly turn'd of Fifty, and Fifty is a very hail Age; I find my Blood Circulate as freely, and is as florid now as when I was but Twenty five: And as to the business of Love, the older I am, the more Constant I shall prove —

*For when crept into Aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains.* } *Sings.*

Ther. Well then, since you are so obliging *Faschinetti* to save, when 'tis in your Power to destroy, I will admit you my Servant; but carry all things with Prudence: Let me see you in my Apartment this Evening; but you must not appear there as *Faschinetti*: Contrive some way not so open nor dangerous to appear in as now you do — You see Lovers borrow Forms and Opportunities: Adieu.

(*aside*)

(*aside*) I hope I shall find some way or other to Revenge my self, and Punish his Insolence. [Exit.]

Fas. Consider a little *Faschinetti*, let me see, To make sure work, I will first discover this *Sebastian* and his intrigue with *Theresa* to the Cardinal, so I shall increase my Credit with him for a good Spy, and get my Rival bolted out; besides, my Person is not safe while that interloping Rascal appears — — — Od I am a happy Dog — — — But how shall I appear, in what shape — — — Od I'll be a Perfume Woman too, that's a shape I know she likes — — — I'll endeavour to be as Jolly, as frolic, and as young as *Sebastian*. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Theresa's Apartment.*

Enter Theresa.

Ther. **T**His old Baboon of mine *Faschinetti*, may be properly said to suffer Love; He is indeed Possess'd, he shou'd be Dieted and Blooded; but since I have undertaken to be his Doctress, I'll use a method as certain, tho' not so regular; I'll make him forswear Caterwawling — — —

Enter Faschinetti as a Perfume Woman.

Fas. Please your Ladyship to buy any Perfumes, Essences, Cream Washes, Powder, Complexion, White, or Red, Pomatums, Rosa solis, May Dew, Ratifia, Saffron, Citron, Cinamon, Lemon Waters, or cold Tea, Paste for your Hands, or Pencils for your Brows. *Ther.*

Ther. (*Aside.*) This dry-headed old Fool cou'd think of nothing but the Perfume Woman.

Fas. Od this looks likes business, this is Intrigueing, Come Dear pretty Rogue, let me Ravish one little Kifs.

Ther. This violent Love *Faschinetti* is too furious to hold; this Habit too methinks makes you look a little odd.

Fas. Aye I am in Masquerade—— Shall I Poison my Blouse, hah—— Wou't thou be my Wife—— Od my Blood is on Fire; Come *Terry*, come, nay you promis'd so you did; Smile upon me—look a little Roguish now with those lovely Black wanton sparkling Eyes, — *Put on a little dimpling Smile* (*Sings*) Gad I'll Ravish, 'tis impossible to hold any longer.

Enter Fantasio.

Fant. Madam, the Cardinal is coming up the Back Stairs, and three Servants with him with Cudgels in their Hands, I heard him call the Perfume Woman Baud: He seem'd to be in a very great Rage.

Ther. I am Ruin'd, Lost, Undone; What can I do with you, whither will you run, where shall I hide you?

Fas. Pox on him for an unseasonable Visitor as he is; Where will you put me, where can you stow me? Have you never a Clock Case, I cou'd creep into a China Jarr.

Ther. Here, here is very luckily an old Chest, creep in to it, in, in, in a minute [*She Claps him into the Chest and Locks it.*]

So there's *Reynard* in a Trap. *Fantasio*— Call the Chairmen, I have him safe now, I'll send his Lady such a Present — Here, take this Chest and carry it to *Faschinetti's* House, tell his Wife you were order'd by her Husband to leave that Chest of Goods there, that he is engag'd this Evening, and 'twill be late e're he comes home.

[*Exit. Chairmen.*]

I am sorry I did not order the Fellows to dip it in the Horse-pond as they went along; but I believe he may have lost his Fever by this time without Water.

[*She runs towards the Door.*]

O! my Life, my Uncle is coming in good earnest; What can be the meaning of his Visit at this time! To my Toilet and my Prayer Book, I must face it with Religion a little as well as his Eminence —

Enter Cardinal.

Card. Thou young Hipocrite, how demure and innocent she looks!

Ther. My Lord —

Card. Thou Stain of my Blood, Scandal of my House; thou Traitress to abuse my Indulgence in this manner.

Ther. I am so much a Stranger to any Guilt, that, that,

Card. Was not *Sebastian* here with you at your own Apartment in the habit of a Perfume Woman — Answer me —

Ther. Has that old Villain betray'd me? (*aside.*)

Card. If your Guilt has not stopt your Utterance, Tongue-tide you, speak.

Ther. Sir, I own that there was a, a,

Card. Abandon'd Wretch have I not forbid you thinking of that Beggar *Sebastian*? Did I not lay my Sacred Commands upon you? But I'll wipe thee from my Blood, fling thee off as a rotten Branch to Despair and Infamy.

Ther. I own there was a Gentleman in the Habit of a Perfume Woman.

Card. I will this minute get *Sebastian's* Throat cut, and have you Lock'd up in a Monastery.

Ther. My Lord, that Gentleman that came here disguis'd in that Habit, since your Lordship forces me by this hard Accusation to acquit my self, was *Faschinetti*; he has

has Infamously solicited me for some time; I bore it at first with Temper, believing it was only the Gaiety of his humour, till it broke out into all the license of an ungovern'd Appetite: And I was forc'd —

Card. Faschinetti: This is a weak and ill tim'd Excuse, 'twas *Faschinetti* made this Discovery to me; because you have found him cautious of your Conduct, you wou'd asperse him: This but Inflames your Charge, adds Fuel to the Fire.

Ther. If your Lordship wou'd with Patience hear me, The moment e'er you enter'd he was here in that very Habit; when as he was renewing his Suit, I pretended a suddain Fright in apprehension of your coming, and lock'd him up in the long Chest that used to hold your Robes, and sent him home to his Wife, who I thought ought to be made acquainted with the secret: If you please to let me wait on you thither, I believe we may find him e'er he has Uncas'd.

Card. This has indeed an appearance, the face of Truth; If I do Convict him, I'll punish him to the extent of my Power.

Ther. (*Aside.*) I have turn'd the Tables on him hitherto pretty successfully, and I am resolv'd to stick close to my Text: If I escape now, my Conduct shall be my Guide for the future. [*Exeant.*

SCENE *Faschinetti's House.*

Enter Carpegna and Callata.

Call. Love in old Age is like Fire in wet Straw, it smothered and stinks, without giving either Light or Heat.

Carp. Madam, I Disclaim all title to Antiquity this Twenty Years, my Food Digests, my Blood Circulates freely, and I have the use of All my Limbs perfectly well, and I can

can pay my Duty to a Fair Lady as briskly as the youngest of 'em: Put me upon my Tryal Madam.

Cass. I'm afraid you've a sick Appetite *Carpegna*, you talk very voraciously, but if Meat were set before you, perhaps you wou'd not be able to touch a bit; a true Bully, brave in the Tavern, and bashful in the Field.

Carp. Lift me, Madam, Lift me.

Cass. I tell you you're too old for the Service.

Carp. Not like your old *Faschinetti*: Let me, let me Do a little Duty for him.

Cass. If you're an old Soldier secure your Retreat, somebody Knocks.

Enter Chairman with the Chest, and Faschinetti in it.

Chairman. Madam, we were order'd by Seignior *Faschinetti* — to leave this Chest of Goods here, and he bad me tell you 'twill be late e'er he comes home this Evening.

Cass. So Sir, heres a Message from my Husband, he will not be here some time; the Devil finds you wickedly inclin'd, and he will not be wanting on his part.

Carp. My Blood dances for Joy; thou sha't feel it alive in my Lips my Dear (*Kisses her*) Ah those Velvet Twins are as soft and warm as —

Cass. As what?

Carp. As the Breath that divides 'em. Come my Dear *Cassata* let us sit here, and like two Turtles Coo and Bill.--

[*They sit on the Chest.*

Fas. (*Out of the Chest*) Hah! where am I — at home, that's plain; Od I will see where this can end.

Cass. I have been sick *Carpegna* these Ten Years.

Carp. What illness?

Cass. A Chronic Distemper, the Husband.

Carp. Here's the Remedy — a Lover.

Cass.

Cass. That gives one only a little Ease for the present;
I am Married to a Dead Palsey — Well, I own I hate
him, He is as disagreeable as a Foggy Day in June.

Carp. As ugly as a Death's Head.

Cass. Always Cold, Moist and Musty.

Carp. Like an old Wall against Wet Weather.

Fas. (So, so, Drawing Pictures — Let 'em go on.)

Cass. Then as to his inside, He is as mischievous and
revengeful as an old Monkey.

Carp. He is a Treacherous, Dissembling, Paralitical,

Cass. — Impotent Fumbling,

Carp. — Cuckold.

Fas. (Am I so, I wish my Horns were in your Guts.)

Cass. Truth is he merits the Name extremely.

Carp. Gad and we'll use him according to his Deserts:
Come my little Dear, sweet, soft, blushing Peach.

[Kisses her, and Smacks.

Carp. That unlucky Dog of a Priest who Tack'd you
together,

Cass. If he does not Repent,

Carp. Ought to be Hang'd for his unnatural Mixture;
'twas ingrafting a sweet, soft, mellow Plumb, on a Dry,
Sapless, Wither'd, Sour Crab.

[They Kiss again.

Fas. Flesh and Blood can hold no longer, I'll, I'll, se-
parate you with a Vengeance.

[He bursts open the Chest
and comes out.

Corp. The Devil! }

[They run to several Corners of
the Stage.

Cass. Ah! }

Fas. Why, what, cou'd you find no other Feather-bed
but me? — Must I be your Pillow with a Pox? You
seem surpris'd my Virtuous Jezebel! — Why what an impu-
dent Age do we live in! — My Antient Friend *Carpegna*,
how have I deserv'd so worthy a Character from you? —
Both Dumb: Really but that I know you very well, I
shou'd be apt to imagine you were a sham'd of this matter.

Carp.

Carp. You take this Business then to be just as it has appear'd to you, and that I was really making Love to your Wife?

Fas. Positively so—or I misapprehended you both damnably.

Carp. And you are ignorant likewise, that when we abus'd you, it was only done as a punishment for your Jealousy.

Fas. No, that was out of your abundant Goodness, Sauce to your intended Cuckoldom.

Carp. And you will persuade us too, I suppose, that we knew nothing of your design in coming hither in this Chest.

Fas. Nay, now you do go beyond me my dear Friend—My Design in coming hither—very good—Sir, you are a profligate Person, and I shall deal with you as far as the Law will carry it. As for you Minx, I will instantly, with this Penknife, spoil those few tempting Features that are left; I'll Physic and Diet you ye Pamper'd Jade: I'll teach you to meditate Horns again for my Front.

[*He wou'd lay hold on her, Carp. interposes.*

Carp. Hold Sir, my Honour is concern'd to Vindicate that Lady; and since you are pleas'd to turn an innocent Frolic into rigid Earnest, I'll take her into my Protection: You shall Recover her by Law too.

Fas. Innocent Frolic: You were very frolicksom truly. Nay, if you have a mind for the Lady, I'll give you a Bill of Sale of her for a Ducat; but I'll have no returns hereafter: I'll not take my Apple again when you have scoop'd it.

Carp. If you're Uneasie Sir, 'tis below Gentlemen to Bandy Words.

Fas. So, according to Custom, to make me amends, you invite me to have my Throat Cut; Sir, I will Parry you with a Judge,

Cass.

Cass. Methinks Husband that Dress of yours looks a little suspicious too——What occasion was there for that?

Fas. Od in my Passion I quite forgot it, (aside.)
Why, I was willing to be Disguis'd, and so put on these Cloaths: I had information of your wicked Designs, and laid Twenty Plots to catch you.

Enter Theresa, the Cardinal and Lovisa.

Ther. Behold Sir, this Seducer of Youth, this Betrayer of Virgins, this false Accuser, see him in the very Habit, which he pretended I Entertain'd a Gentleman to dishonour my Family.

Fas. Ah!——Dead——Undone——Ruin'd——

Card. This is Demonstration: Why thou wicked old Varlet!

Ther. I pity your Condition Madam, being so good a Woman to have so bad a Husband——He solicited me in a Lustful manner for some time, till this Evening I sent him in this Chest to you, and have by this means acquitted my self to my Uncle——

Fas. You are a Vile Jilt; Od I don't think you Handsom now: I have no more inclination to you than to my Wife.

Ther. Vile Wretch to abuse her as you do.

Fas. Nay, nay, she has not been wanting on her part neither.

Card. Come, Sir, what can you say to this Villainous Design you have had of dishonouring my Family, not only by your false Accusation of my Niece, but for attempting her Person too? If you had had an opportunity, I believe you had Ravish'd her.

Cass. I'll acquit him of the last part of the Indictment: Ravish! No, no.

Fas. Say, Why what I can find by this matter is, that we are wicked all alike: And that Scarlet of yours I know hides as warm a piece of Flesh as e'er a Buckskin in Rutting time. Witness *Lovisa* there, my Planter's Wife, my Cuckold-maker, that's some Comfort however.

Card. Sirrah, I'll have you in the Inquisition; you're a Heretic.

Fas. Why Heretic? If you had said I was a Cully, and a Cuckold.

Card. He that speaks ill of any Pillar of the Church, speaks ill of the Church; he that speaks ill of the Church is an Enemy to her Discipline; He that is an Enemy to her Discipline, cannot be reconciled to her Doctrine; and whoever disputes her Doctrine is an Heretic——therefore you are *quasi Hereticus, Hereticus in Potestate*.

Fas. You're a Blockhead in *Esse* I'm sure: Pox take ye all, my Senses are confounded between Jealousy, Love, Anger and Despair.

Ther. What, not one Word for poor *Terry* now: Put on a little Dimpling Smile.

Fas. Crocodile; Hyæna.

Card. Come your Wife tells me you have had some difference, be reconcil'd to her, and I forgive you; for I'm made up of Charity.

Fas. Od I won't forgive her, a Cockatrice, to go about to Dishonour my Family; there has not been a Cuckold of our House since *Adam*. Not that I care this for her Person, for I can make Affidavit I have known no difference between her Flesh and my own these Ten Years.

Carp. Well, a Jealous Husband is a perfect Dog in a Manger. Are not you ashamed to lye every Night by so Fine a Woman, and talk so?

Fas. We must lye in the same Bed together: She is like my Swanskin Waistcoat, I shall catch Cold if I leave her off.

Card.

Card. If you don't forgive all that is pass'd between *Carpegna* and your Wife, I'll Excommunicate you, and in-join a Penance for your Punishment.

Fas. I care not if you do, I believe I shall Hang my self: But 'tis very hard, that when you fat Priests are pri- viledg'd to be Wicked within the Pale of the Church, you shou'd Bellow over your Anathema's on us Secular Cuckolds —

Card. Come in my Friends with me, He is untractable at present, but I shall find a way to bend him. [*Exeunt.*

Fas. My Friend *Terry*, thou hast heartily convinc'd me, that 'tis the most impertinent thing in the World for an old Fellow to make Love: 'Tis sending a Challenge when a Man has lost the use of his Limbs; 'tis the Green-sick-ness of our second Childhood; for as the old Bard luckily says,

*Love in Old Age no Use can have;
'Tis like a Sun-dyal in a Grave.*

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